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INTERVIEW WITH A STAR

Have you ever had the opportunity of meeting a real movie actress? Have you ever wondered what sort of questions you would ask if you ever met such a person?

A year ago this summer, I had the unusual occasion of meeting a movie personality and the same such thoughts as to how I would speak to a movie star entered my mind. It was on the Julie & Johnny radio program that I first got a glimpse of glamorous Denise Darcel, the famous French stage and screen actress, who was currently appearing in the stock play, "The Happy Time" at the Worcester Playhouse. And believe me, she really was something to look at. I didn't take my eyes away from her till the last second of the program. During the forty-five minute program, Denise was interviewed in all respects by Julie and Johnny. Miss Darcel, who is anything but sedate, is a vivacious blonde, (not true blonde) with a champagne personality, and the true French accent. I recall asking her if she retained her accent just for the purpose of show business. She replied, no. She said she knows the English language sufficiently but has a difficult time in pronouncing the words correctly. Denise has been in this country since 1947. Her start to fame began when some movie scout spotted her in a five and ten cent store in Paris. Some people doubted her French origin which is similar to the Calvert incident where people thought she was of English descent. But take it from me, any girl with that kind of an accent is really French.

Each of us on the program had a chance to interview Denise personally. When my turn came, I, a bit hesitant at first, thought I'd do some questioning in French. Upon hearing some French for the first time during the show, her face just gleamed with surprise and the soft-spoken miss said: "Vous parlez francais, non?" The retort was a gay "oui."

Thereafter, the entire conversation was conducted in French with only the receptionist and another girl, who formerly taught French, who knew what was going on. Most of the two-way conversation comprised of questions as to how she got her start in stage and screen work, how she liked the United States, in contrast to France, where she was educated; and what she thought of Americans.

Although I don't remember everything she told me, Denise has a few ideas on American women as they were told to Sid McKeen of the Gazette staff. "Ze American women are well groomed", she said. "In fact, Ze women are much more groomed zan most of ze women in Paree. You can hardly tell ze millionaire from ze salesgirl."

But, commented Denise, zere is one thing zey do too much—eat. Even women who are already thin, zey diet. "For me it ees different. I have to keep my job. But ze American housewife, she should be happy if she is a little plump."

The vivacious blond thinks that one reason why French girls are so full of pep is because zey eat so much. Could be, Denise. However, ze American girls also have some life in them.

She also has some advice for American men too. "Don't take me wrong," she told Mr. McKeen. "I love American mens". But I think you have to get used to it, you know?" Denise says that "American men don't show love to their wives the way they should—no hand kissing, few flowers and faint praises. A lot more marriages would go better if more men would take time to tell zere wives how beautiful zey are".

The subtle methods of American men aren't a total loss, however, says Miss Darcel. Maybe ze American husbands love their wives so much that it ees not necessary to say so all the time.

Miss Darcel, during her stay in Worcester, managed to do some sight-seeing. Her favorite pastime is swimming. She devoted at least two hours a day to swimming to keep her in shape for the part of a French swimmer in the current film, "Dangerous When Wet", starring Esther Williams and Jack Carson.

All College Dance Culminates Class Week

Class week at State Teachers College got under way on Tuesday, October 6. The Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman assemblies starting on a rather funny vein, led up to the big event of the week, the Senior class assembly, the tea, and the All College Dance.

The Senior Assembly was excellently presented by all members of the class. The theme took the form of a recollection of the class members. As each person appeared through an arbor, a small but meaningful poem was read by Robert Hill and Carol Johnson.

Presentation was made to Miss Barlow as an honorary member of Theta Kappa Phi, followed by the announcement of the new members. These were Grace Adjeleian, Claire Abrazinski, Patricia Cunningham, Carol Hoey, Janet Ostergard, Eileen Gould and Madeline Proulx.

The program was concluded by the class singing "Halls of Ivy" and the processional that led them from the hall.

The Senior assembly was immediately followed by the tea for Seniors and their parents. With the combined efforts of both teachers and pupils the cafeteria took on a more reserved look and tea was gracefully served to all present. Both pupils and teachers were on hand at all times to meet parents and to make everyone as comfortable as they could be. Seniors kept their caps and gowns on at the tea, which made an interesting impression on all visitors. The tea was certainly the highlight of the day.

In the evening of October Ninth, the All College dance was held. Each wall was decorated by one class with the general colors of brown, red and yellow running through each decoration. To the music of Bill Fanning's orchestra, everyone enioved a delightful evening. Our chaperones were excellent, and gave most of the guests a delightful evening with their participation and cheerfulness. Our thanks go to Miss Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Dr. Winslow, Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. and Mrs. Patterson for attending this dance and helping to make the finale of College Week a truly grand one.

It Begins With C

In my Freshman year I had the privilege of writing to you about college, communism, and commencement. I sit here alone racking my brain for another C. Finally I give up and find someone to talk to. Returning later to my work I reason if companionship is so important to me it must be to others also.

Reaching for the dictionary, I meditate as to the meaning of companionship. My dictionary calls this word a noun and gives it fellowship for a synonym. To me this definition is most incomplete. This word means much more to me! What about you.

Let's wander back to our summer companionship . . . The moon is bright and the stars glitter as we walk along the beach. The sea is calm and the waves roll gently making a continual hypnotic splash. Ahead we sight a flashing glow of burning driftwood and as we near it, the tinkle of laughter blends with the harmonization of a popular song. . . . But all too soon the summer is gone and we leave the world of play.

However, there is always companionship in everyday life. Once again the family gathers around the supper table and talks. Each member is sad as our vacation ends but each of us is happy too: the factory worker . . . anxious about the man on his shift who so recently returned from the hospital; the businessman . . . wondering if his office workers co-operated with the man he left in charge; the personnel worker, psychologist, or doctor . . . whose mind becomes full again with the problems of his patients; the school child . . . soon to find excitement as he meets his friends once again and busily begins plans for the football team; and finally the college student who is now an upperclassman . . . filling the cafeteria and lounge as he chats with his friends about summer memories, plans for his major, and future job.

Now we are back to our everyday life at W.S.T.C. The corridors are again flooded with students

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EDITORIAL

Here we go again! Another hectic year has begun. Already there is talk of dances, sports, homework, book-buying and welcome back greetings. Clubs are again gathering, class meetings are again being held, and again the **acorn** is going to press.

The **acorn:** unifier of our chaotic activities. The **acorn:** for a chuckle, for sports, for politics, for poetry,—diversity to please every taste! And this is a new **acorn.** It is smaller for unity of news and to facilitate carrying. It has modern, clear-cut lines for appeal. And it has more creative expression, more sports, newer news. A new **acorn.**

The editors of your news-magazine are striving to bring you a meatier publication. A paper that represents the thinking of the student body and one that will be read from cover to cover. Of course, reading the paper is your job. The editors can write it, edit it, and print it but with out your reading it, their time is wasted. Last year there was a wonderful response to the **acorn.** That year we timidly struck out into new thoughts such as: a larger poetry section, a political section, book reviews, and a more attractive sports section. Well, this year that progression is continuing. We have changed the style a bit, given more expression to the artists in our midst and given you a more mature gossip column. One crowning addition has been the "letters to the editor" section. We hope to be inundated with your news and views in this section—use it!

Enjoy your paper. We are going to strive to give you what you want. Talk about it, criticize it, and for a complete college life read your **acorn.**

- editor-in-chief, Clinton Boutwell
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- business editor, Anne Cassidy
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- feature editor, Louise Agurkis
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

This space is reserved for the student body to write their opinions and complaints of things that are happening in school. This space is not just reserved for the members of the acorn staff.

Our Quandry

Geting out a paper is fun—but it's no picnic.

If we print jokes, people say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are two serious.

If we clip from other magazines, we are just too lazy to write ourselves; if we don't we are too fond of our stuff.

If we don't print contributions we don't appreciate true genius. If we do print them, the pages are filled with junk.

Now like as not some folks are going to say we clipped this from some other magazine. Well, we did!

Anne Hussey.

Geographics from 1910 to Present Date

ODD BOOK STORE

73 Madison Street

new directions

the static echo

c. boutwell

the echo of things gone past
has a metallic sound

remember,
remember

the evil lust night of lust that
nature made us do?

the tormented twilight harking
the empty fabian to color,
stirring martial cause;
and gods who gave us nothing
for our pleading, human love.

remember?

amber glowing failure;
the grail reclines for rest
but not to die

and the evil night and twilight
promises only the
static echo of things gone past

THE SIREN

I stopped up the portal—brick on brick—
then mixed and splashed the mortar on it, thick
but from within I heard that siren song
Crooning and mooning at me all night long....

The Lunar shadows, black and still and deep,
proned themselves upon me, chasing sleep
down at the threshold, seeping in, I heard
that haunting, taunting song without a word

wordless and bloodless, notes which seemed derived
out of a throat much more than just alive,
rising above the blood's unsettled ocean,
unfettered in flesh—the voice of pure emotion
Rawulra
With rattling hands I never thought to see again,
I tore at brick and set the siren free again,
free to intoxicate me all night long
or fade like the melody of a wordless song.....

Rod Barry.

Park Benches

Old men nod on park benches—
Their feeble hands
Resting on birch canes,
And in their eyes
A vague unrest,
And a vacant stare.

Old men thinking thoughts
That no one knows
Except the dead,
Who speak no more—
Buried under loam,
In near by family plots.

Old men gazing so—
At frivolous lads
Who play ball upon the grass,
And disturb the dreams
Of old men, who nod endlessly
Upon hard park benches.

CLUB NEWS

Student Council

Up to the present time, this student organization, under the able direction of Dr. Guy Winslow, has been busy with preparations for the All-College Dance. It was decided that each class would decorate a wall in the gym. Paul Brosnahan, senior member of the Council, is working along with the social chairmen of each class in that regard.

Literary Club

The newly-elected slate of officers includes: President, Lucille Desarro; Vice-President, Mary Derderian; Secretary, Anne Matthews; and Social Chairman, Norma Griffin. Membership in this literary organization is open to all students of the college.

The activities of the club culminated last year, with a visit to Old Sturbridge Village. All those who made this trip, along with having an enjoyable time, learned quite a bit about conditions which prevailed at the time when Sturbridge Village was a thriving community. One could well imagine himself making candles, spinning, or setting type; for Sturbridge Village has been restored, complete with guides dressed in traditional colonial costume.

The faculty advisor of the club is Miss Barlow of the English department.

Cercle Francais

Robert Beauregard of the class of 1954 was elected president of the Cercle Francais. Also elected officers were: Mary Ann Robbins, vice-president; Patricia Gannon, secretary; Andrew Nicholas, Treasurer; and Anne Marie Cassidy, social chairman. Miss Marguerite McKelligett is club advisor.

The purpose of this club is to foster better relations between France and the world at large. At our monthly meetings are discussed such topics as French culture, French music, and French current events. Refreshments are served after each meeting.

During the year the club has a re-union with such colleges as Assumption, Holy Cross, and Clark University. Last year the re-union was held at Clark University.

The piece de resistance of the year is the annual banquet held, usually, at the Meadows in Framingham.

Newman Club

The Newman Club of Worcester State Teachers College will open its 1953-54 season with a Holy Hour at our Lady of Fatima Church on October 22. There will be a reception in the church hall to welcome the new members. Regular monthly meetings are held on the third Tuesday of each month at the Newman House on Salisbury street.

Our social calendar includes;

October 30—Hallowe'en Party at Newman House.

December 1—Card Party at W.S.T.C. gymnasium.

December 17 — Christmas Party at Newman House.

March 17—St. Patrick's Party at W.S.T.C. cafeteria.

June — Senior Baccalaurate at Christ the King Church.

The Newman House on Salisbury Street will be open every afternoon and evening on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday for the benefit of all the Newmanities for social get-togethers. Officers for the new season are:

John F. Durkin—President.

Edward F. Grant — Vice-President.

Mary C. Whalen—Secretary.

Thomas Gibbons—Treasurer.

Anne D. Doyle—Social Chairman.

Reverend Father David Bushey—Spiritual Advisor.

Dr. Walter Busam—Faculty Advisor.

Kappa Delta Pi

The Officers of Kappa Delta Pi for the school year 1953 54 are:

President—Joseph Scannell.

Vice-President—Peggy Ann Scanlon.

Secretary—Anne Doyle.

Treasurer—Edward Pilotte.

Recording Secretary — Dorothy Doon.

Members in this national scholastic honor society include those students who rank among the top ten percent of their class in the junior year. An additional ten per cent of the class is initiated into this society on Senior Class Day, which, this year, came on Friday, October 9, 1953.

The program for the year includes an honor night for the prospective initiates and a banquet.

It Begins With C

(Continued from Page 1)

and missing tile. The new ones, as the upperclassmen did, will become engulfed with our spirit of companionship seldom equaled in the factory, business, or ordinary school. Indeed in our history class we learn that a great majority of the people of the world are living under suppression. Learning this fact we pledge our life to that profession which is bringing friendship to all corners of our community through better teachers and schools. Perhaps one day through efforts of people in the field of education and psychology, our world will be one in which happy companionship between people will be the rule instead of the exception.

Anne Mathews.

Fashion Trends at W. S. T. C.

This year, Betty Co-Ed at W. S. T. S. is dressing to be casual, neat, but most of all comfortable. Bobby sox are worn practically all the time, except for Wednesdays, when many girls step behind counters to earn the almighty but necessary dollar. Speaking of money, most of the girls earned enough this past summer to add one luxurious item to their wardrobe, namely the wonderful cashmere sweater, and I predict that many of us will be asking the parents for cashmeres at Christmas time. The orlon sweater is also coming into its own because of the ease with which it can be kept looking attractive. Medallions are seen rarely, and dickies, pins, and neckerchiefs are providing the added touch to sweaters.

Knee sox, which were supposed to be the rage according to many department stores, have not been frequent visitors to our halls, but maybe with the coming of cold weather, they will arrive for a long stay.

The straight skirt seems to have taken over the role of the very full skirt of last year. The ever-popular, ever-attractive grey flan nel skirt is seen often around our campus, with or without the matching jacket, and its close relative, the grey flannel jumper is also meeting with popular approval. The other flannels, mostly varying shades of brown and blue, are sported by many of our fashion-wise girls, and tweeds and plaids and tweeds still hold an important place in college apparel. A very sharp item this year in the form of skirts, jumpers, and those smooth-looking suits, is camel's hair, whether it be 100% camel hair, partly wool, or all wool in the color of camel's hair.

The blazer jackets are back, but most of them minus the ribbing and plus an emblem on the pocket.

The short hair cut is at the peak of its success, and is seen in many and varied styles according to each individual hair type. The Italian and French versions are quite glamorous, and lucky are the girls that can wear them.

In general, Betty Co-Ed of W. S. T. C. is a girl who knows her style and dresses to suit her figure, coloring and personality. She is economical, buys many separates, and knows how to combine them. The whole effect is casual, neat, and collegiate.

Louise Agurkis.

Senior Observations

Whew! I guess another year has really started, as we can see if we look in back of the school and see butterfly nets flapping in the breeze . . . Did you hear about the wonderful collection of the Kujala twins? . . . I wish Ann Doyle and Grayce Creedon would remove their cockroaches from my locker . . . Peg Carty showed her musical ability on our last leaf-gathering trip . . . she was the "Greatest" . . . Congratulations to the new members of Kappa Delta Phi, Grace Adjeleian, Claire Abrazinski, Eileen Gould, Carol Hoey, Janet Ostergard, Madeline Proulx, and Pat Cunningham . . . Terry Babbidge has been running around looking for A.C.E. board members . . . Our class chose Grace Adjeleian and Carol Johnson to represent them . . . Paige Rowdan will be leaving soon for Swampscott . . . What was Ginny Dolan doing that she was late for Senior Day? . . . Rosemary Burns beat her by about five minutes . . . Oh, I also hear that Rosemary has a very Keene interest in Claremont, New Hampshire?? . . . Mary Celona, Lucy DiMasi and Peg Curran have really taken this "bugging" to heart . . . How does Gert find the time to work every weekend, and who is the fellow Mr. Riordan claims she meets on the Friday plane? . . . Pat O'Connell was seen one day last week helping Mary Whalen with her chocolate cookies . . . Joan Sheerin should name her car "Observation Ollie"—Or is it a girl? . . . What is it that makes Jane Grady giggle? . . . Will Nancy Jones and Ann Joudrey appear on Broadway next year? . . . Bob Cusick is still enjoying himself in Elementary 1 . . . Poor Bob Hill was a nervous wreck worrying whether Red Durkin would forget his line in our Assembly . . . See, Bob, he does have a good memory . . . Well, since today is Sunday and a day of rest, and since someone is waiting to take me collecting my bugs, I'm afraid I must leave this column without including everyone . . . besides, we have to leave some space for the underclassmen . . . Until next issue, then . . . "Tessie."

Huge Turnout At Welcoming Dance

The annual Freshman-Sophomore dance held on Friday, October 2 was a huge success. It was held for the benefit of acquainting the freshmen with the other students of the college. Unlike previous years, all classes were invited, and consequently there was a much larger crowd.

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What's Happenin'

This is Cos, who is about to tell you, to the best of his ability, just what's happenin' in the music world. We'll start by telling you about a number of things which you more than likely already know. However, we're going to tell you what we think at the same time.

Most heard from during the summer were Joni James, Perry Como, Frankie Laine, Nat "King" Cole, Eddie Fisher, and the quartets, the Four Aces and the Hilltoppers. Perry Como followed up his "No Other Love" with a fine Italian song called "Yours Alone." The Four Aces cut, almost simultaneously with the Hilltopper's "Love Walked in", a song called "Laughing on the Outside." Both tunes are rehashed, the arrangements are similar, and both recordings are very refreshing. Frankie Laine made a record of another ballad much like "High Noon" called "Blowing Wild" which he will also sing in a forthcoming movie production of the same name. This is backed by a pretty thing called "Answer Me. Lord Above." We thought that "I am in Love" by "King" Cole was one of his best but it didn't sell nearly as well as his "A Fool was I." His latest, which we like, is a rapid interpretation of "Lover, Come Back to Me." Joni James continues her popularity with things like "My Love, My Love." We hope she'll keep it up. Eddie Fisher is still flooding the market with new tunes. Oh, how we wish he'd take a rest.!

Frank Shaksfield arranged a very smooth recording of "Ebb-tide" which has since been lyricized by Vic Demone. Both records are worth having. The "St. Louis Blues" is forever being brought up to date. . . . This time by Billy Eskstine and the Mertronome All-Stars.

Although the words might cause some controversy, we still like Ertha Kitt's "I Want to be Evil." It is our conviction that Miss Kitt is about the most talented girl to come along in some time.

We feel that it is unfortunate that the public won't take more to Tommy Edwards and Gerry Southern. So far they have been grieviously underrated.

June Christy has been replaced since going out on her own in the Stan Kenton band by a girl who sounds so much like her that we'd challenge anyone to tell the two voices apart.

Jack Webb probably never dreamed that his theme for "Dragnet" would ever enjoy so much popularity or take so much abuse. Between Ray Anthony, Stan Friedberg, and Spike Jones, the tune has become the most universally known since the Lone Ranger popularized the "William Tell Overture."

Cos.

Penny, the Bop-Cat

Once upon a time in the land of OO-Boop-Be-Doop, there lived a slick chick, titled Penny, so called because of her brown shade, which this hepcat acquired by playing it cool and absorbing the right amounts of that crazy yellow light, which the squares call the sun.

Now Penny's brains were the greatest, and she was real hep as to the care of kids, and being gone on having a profession, she decided to fall by the nearest State Teachers College post haste. Now Penny thought some of her professors were square, and decided to do the least, and skip eye-roving on the printed page and just pass in the paper work. Often she thought, "These classes show me nothing", and forthwith took 50 and headed for the lounge. But one of Penny's professors was in the ball, and although he thought Penny was the swingingest, he realized she was a slacker, and decided she should meet her waterloo post haste. One day when Penny went into the class of this professor that she thought was out of it, he started popping questions at her, and she was embarrassed to the most and felt the least, because she was nowhere, and couldn't respond in front of her jazzy pals, who knew her brains were the greatest and she was just trying to play it cool. After class Penny's friends told her to 'get serious' and do some studying instead of going to every session. "Crazy!" said Penny, but after much heated discussion, she got hip and hit the books post haste. Forthwith she became the greatest in all her classes.

Now this is a lesson to the rest of you cool characters not to be too wild and think you can fool some of the older smoothies, because you will come out with the least and feel the worst in the end, and that's what this is.

Louise Agurkis

Welcome Dance

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The theme of the dance was that of the football season, and gay banners gave a bit of color to the gym. A new twist was added by presenting the members of each class with different colored circles and having them write their names on these.

Our thanks to the excellent chaperones. Miss Scribner, Miss Stafford, Mr .and Mrs. Mochler, and Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, to the Sophomore class for giving us such an enjoyable evening, and to all those who attended and made this dance the success that it was.

A Freshman Comes To State Teachers

By Joseph Maguire

After the first few days of getting acquainted, of learning teachers' names and classrooms, of buying books and doing the countless other things which add up to the entrance procedure at a new school, we got down to brass tacks. Why am I here? What am I going to get out of this? Is this the place for me?

I am here on the serious business of getting an education; a task made more serious when I realize that I am going to impart my learning, eventually, to others who will call me their teacher, their leader. We want only to be the best. If I came here to waste time, I will never be a good teacher, if, indeed, I am ever a teacher. I am here to prepare to face the trials and pathways of life, whatever they may be. I am not here just to learn art or biology or history. I am here to learn to get along with my fellow man, to be a part of the community to which I belong, a part which will be an asset rather than a liability.

What will I get out of my sojourn here? I will get out of my training here only what I put into it. If I am half-hearted in my work, the results of my training will reflect it. Our school has a good reputation and it is our duty to that school to keep its reputation just that same way. If I work hard and do good scholastically, I will get the best training for one of the best professions today. Teaching is a very honorable profession. It necessitates much hard work. I might just as well get used to work now, because if I don't, it will be too late when graduation time rolls around.

Is this the place for me? That question is singed with pride. The humble, truthful person would ask, "Am I the person for this place?" I must be morally good, mentally alert, and physically healthy. If teachers were immoral, can you imagine what the court records of this country would be in this day and age? If teachers were not mentally alert and bright and trained, can you imagine the intelligence of the next generation of Americans? If teachers are not physically well, can you imagine the strain both upon teacher and pupil? Let me be like the Great Teacher, who teaches wisdom and goodness by example and by preaching. Let me be a good citizen, a fine teacher, and a good leader. That is why we are here—to be good teachers, to be good citizens. But the college cannot do all—we must do our share for a happy life and for a great reward

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Common Sights at W. S. T. C.

Many freshman girls in the lounge.

Senior elementaries with their butterfly nets and bug jars.

Jack Hayes, Paul Fistori and Bill Ferris with their V-neck sweaters.

Crowds in the corridors singing "Down by the Riverside."

Alice Nugent acting jazzy.

Donald Fancy entertaining on the piano in Miss Kendrick's room.

Helen Thomasian with her trafficlight kerchief.

Pictures from last summer at Hyannis.

Jane Grady looking for Nancy McGrath.

"Crazy!" said Red, used as greeting between Jazz-bow fans.

Neil Daly doing his imitations.

Peggy Carty, Ann Doyle, and Co. having chuckles and laughs.

Doris McTighe worrying about her new committee position.

Nancy Jones playing the ukelele in the lounge.

Jack Reynolds asking questions.

Dolores Lord making announcements.

A crowded cafeteria.

Dorothy Doon, alias Lorna, with her diamond.

Eleanor Mannico correcting the pronunciation of her last name.

Junior secondaries and their many charts.

the symposium

clinton boutwell

In the avid quest for security in a somewhat desultory world, some Americans have sought to make the United Nations the whipping boy. Especial contumely has been directed at the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). Nationalists dislike its supranational relationships and some of our more passionate "patriots" think that it is an organ for the dissemination of communist philosophy. Whatever the causes, UNESCO is threatened from irrational, or rather, emotional thinking. Because of this intimidation, we should consider the charges against UNESCO and UNESCO's answer.

At the University of Minnesota, recently, a conference of the United States Commission for UNESCO was held to clear the air of these charges. At this meeting several major criticisms of UNESCO were discussed. Of these, the following will suffice as illustrations: 1. UNESCO is under communist control of influence; 2. UNESCO advocates political world government and seeks to prepare the citizens of member states to accept this philos-

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Timely Inquiries

Personal (But very)—

Did Don Brickman have a wrestling match with a lawnmower . . . that haircut!?!

Does that very prominent member of student council—J.S.—consider passing a law to demand a return of his obvious ardor for some of our Freshman lovelies??

Does that huge torch of Bob W's gleam for a certain blond sophomore.

General (or are they?)

Why don't they put danger signals on those boulders on the driveway. (Poor "Fran" is still black and blue).

Who is Mrs. Gramp?

Information . . . no charge

We want the upperclassmen to know: We really are off the formula despite popular opinion to the contrary. We know through sad experience that those stairs at the end of the building do not lead to the library. (hmmmm "Jackie"???)

In closing may we assure our fellow students that we are very proud of our talented members, who are original—if not conventional.

Nancy Kane

the symposium

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ophy; 3. The United States, which contributes one-third of UNESCO's budget, receives little in return.

In their report the commission began by saying, "Help to others in strengthening the foundations of democratic free government by raising educational standards is in the interest of promoting peace, strengthens the economic stability of the world, and therefore promotes world prosperity, on which most of our prosperity depends." And they concluded that "it serves our own positive self-interest to associate ourselves with other freedom-loving peoples in furthering UNESCO's aims, principles, and activities."

In specific answer to the criticism given above, they noted that their group had aided American scientists and educators by providing access to the educational, scientific, and cultural resources of the entire free world. They went on to state that UNESCO is one of the best devices for letting our allies, our enemies, and neutrals know of our philosophy of living. Further UNESCO makes available to American radio stations many educational programs and to many groups it provides art centers and schools, reproductions of great paintings etc. that otherwise would be unavailable. Lastly, they say that this organization has promoted teaching about the principles of collective security as defended by the United Nations in Korea, and therefore has reinforced the effort in which we carry so large a share.

Something more dangerous to American security, both economic and political, than communism at the present moment is unmitigated isolationism. American withdrawal from the United Nations would leave a political and propaganda void and would cause the acute danger of our countries losing a buffer zone in case of attack. Another repercussion would be that the Indian and Swedish neutrals—extremely valuable friends, would look askance at American lack of interest in world affairs. With these dangers evident, the isolationist continues to argue that America can "go it alone." Following that logic, they attack UNESCO which is the most salient leader working toward world co-operativeness.

The United Nations and its ramifications need the support of the people of the United States. UNESCO is a valuable instrument in the search for world peace and criticism aimed at it should be constructive and supported by evidence. Unsupported charges seek only to strengthen an organization when the truth is learned. Let us, therefore, wish UNESCO success as President Eisenhower said "in (their) dedicated task of keeping that international understanding so indispensable to a just and enduring peace."

WAA Predicts

With the beginning of another school year, several questions arise in the minds of the sports enthusiasts. Will the sophomore girls successfully defend their basketball title, will the senior girls retain their volleyball crown, and will the juniors continue their fine play and force these titleholders to close decisions? Uppermost, however is the question of freshman potentialities and whether they will usurp either of these crowns. Whatever the results, it promises to be an interesting year.

Plans are now being made for the opening of the athletic program by the W.A.A. board and officers. As of now they include volleyball, basketball, softball, tennis, and ping pong.

The first day on which activities were held, was Thursday, October 1. On that day, a fine turnout of girls participated in ping-pong, volleyball, and basketball. Such a fine showing forecasts a great year for W.A.A.

Recent elections for W.A.A. board members produced the following results:

Seniors—Nancy Jones, Dorothy Potter.

Juniors—Lois Goode, Janice Dalbeck.

Sophomores — Joan Halliday, Eleanor Principessa.

Freshman—Corinne Shea, Pat Gibbons.

Carole Marshall.

CAMPUS CHARACTERS

By JOSEPH MAGUIRE, '57

"I wish there was something to do around here." How often we have heard those very words. Maybe we ourselves have said them to someone. Well, Worcester State Teachers is one place where there is always something to do. Do you want proof? Just look at the club news, or better still, look at the daily announcements on the bulletin board.

School can be pretty dull and monotonous. School pays dividends only when some deposits are made. We get out of it what we put into it. That is a point on which we all agree. Then what is there to stop us? Let us take a look into the school life of two students, Joe and Jim. They can be anybody, rich or poor, from near or far. Let's look inside and do a little mind-reading.

Both do rather well in their studies and seem to get along with the student body. But Joe goes home and complains that school is dull. Why? Where is Joe when there is a meeting of the Newman club or the Cercle Francais or the Literary club? He is down in the cafeteria having a cup of coffee. Where is Joe when there is a dance or a dramatic presentation? He is out with his girl friend at some local theatre. He shirked clubs as if they were crimes. He crawls away stealthily when there is mention of a meeting or social activity. And think of the fun and enjoyment so free for the asking practically, that he passes up. He gets out of college life exactly what he puts into it—nothing.

Jim has his private good times, he keeps up in his studies, he perhaps even has a part time job on the side. But where is he when there is work to be done at the Newman center or when the Cercle Francais has a meeting or when the school paper wants writers? He is right there with a helping hand, a spirited cooperation, lots of zeal, lots of zest. He doesn't miss the dances or the shows, he doesn't fail to pay his dues or do his share of the work. When he goes home what is his reaction to college life? "Why, it's the most wonderful thing going—loads of activities and fun for every student. There is something for everybody." What does he get out of college? Just what he puts into it—everything.

OF MICE AND MEN

By PAUL BROSNIHAN

What a relief to have the first week of apprenticeship over. Our own private "Suspense" program came to a climax when we were told to which school we were to report. Then came the period of nervous breakdowns and nail biting. Examining a few secondary heads at that time, you would have found images of children with pointed beards, eyebrows and ears, carrying three pronged pitchforks, and sporting long tails. Of course it doesn't have to be said that they were wearing red suits. Such thoughts, ogres and little devils! Of course all our fears were unnecessary as we found out when we met the children. Or were they?

As very few had problems the first week, we can list all of them here. One of us began the day with 30 in the classroom, had an increase to 31 for a few brief seconds and then returned to the original 30. How come? It seems that a cousin of that famous little man, Mickey, decided to hunt up something to eat in the classroom. The six occupants of the seats in the front row all tried their best to catch little Gus but he got away . . . without any lunch. How can an apprentice foresee a mouse in his lesson plans, never mind combat the intruder? I hunted and hunted, after the little tale was told to me, all through the STC library and I found nothing written covering this aspect of apprenticeship. I did find a few relatives and friends of Gus and Mickey but they were of no help. Sorry, you'll have to set your own rules in similar matters. I began this paragraph by saying that I'd list all the problems but now I find that Gus was the only one. (Only one? Ho, ho!)

It would be appreciated if everyone would sign the petition to trace the inventor of registers. After figuring each set of numbers ten times each, each time having a wide variety of answers for the same figures, I personally believe they were designed by Albert Einstein with the instructions written by him in German and translated by Robert Beauregard, who understands French perfectly.

23 X 4 10, 23 x 4 45, 23 X 4 13.

BUY U. S. BONDS

Sports

BOBBIN' AROUND!!

By Bob Ashe

"Crazy" said Red. It's great to be back. We hope everyone had a swell summer. To those hapless lads that Uncle Sammy grabbed during Vacation we hope they'll be back with us soon.

To start things rolling in the way of sports, the big event recently was the outdoor baskebtall tourney which was played evenings under the lights at Crompton Park, here in Worcester. Most of the competition was local except for a few teams from the outlining towns. Several of the State Teachers men saw action this summer. Among them were grad, Jim McSherry, Bill Ferris, Chuck Favreault, Dave Shea, and Jack Regle. Keeping in shape for Coach Jack Eagar, eh boys. It was strictly an amateur affair with the winning team (Alaries) receiving jackets.

Everyone was talking Yankee's. But I had my money on the "Brooks." Guys like Furillo, Hodges, Campanella, Snider, and Robinson just shouldn't be stopped. From all reports this year's "subway series" shaped up into one of the biggest drawing cards ever.

Word has reached thru the grapevine that Dave Sugarman, the versatile athlete from Framingham, Mass., had a great season in the Sally League. Dave waltzed into the finish with a 387 batting average. Not bad for a rookie.

Holy Cross again looms as one of the top independent teams in the East. Eddie Anderson's boys lack experience but they have plenty of polish and should do well if such performers as Stevens, Biocca, Murphy, and Haley live up to expectations.

Fistic Fans Note—Boxing opened October 15 at Mechanics Hall and will be featured every Thursday thereafter for the remainder of the season.

Intra-mural basketball may start earlier this year. Look for the opening sometime late in October or November. These games should be played prior to or during the regular season, not at the tail end when everyone has lost interest. Everyone talks about weather but . . . Why doesn't the M.A.A. get on the ball and look into it.

Plenty of action on the field adjacent to the College. Phys Ed classes have started and touch football seems to be in the vogue. Never knew we had so much potentiality around the campus. Danny Macauliff pitching passes all over the lot and the receiving end of many is speed merchant Bob Dana.

Pffft

Pffft—and a soft spray seems to settle over whatever it may be—the face, the hair, the pudding or the Christmas tree. Time was when every male, be he red blooded or cold blooded, prided himself on the ability to lather up a good shaving cream, but now all he has to do is spray that creamy mixture on. Puddings are getting the real treatment. sister Sue rushes home from the office and cooks up a batch of brownies—too bad the telephone conversation was so long because the brownies were ruined but Sue is a modernistic young damsel so she whips out her spray gun and covers them with compressed white film and the guests love it. Soon the entire nation will be overstocked with shiny neat little cans found in every home. The entire economic world will suffer a setback. Think of the possibilities—butter no longer will be too hard to spread on bread. It can be sprayed on Pffft—no more banging half empty catsup bottles. Pffft—no more spending long tedious hours in the sun, now a tan can be acquired in the same way you spray varnish on floors and men's greying locks can be coated with a chestnut color, that won't fade—In the early stage the window spray was well known, now the entire industry has a great future and soon homework will be sprayed on blank sheets of paper, much to the delight of the common student and bookstores will be stocked with "Theme Cans" and "Math Cans" to be used at the student's discretion—yes those little spray cans are only the beginning of an entire new avenue of life.

Theresa Babbidge.

SPLINTERS

Theresa Babbidge

Citysights—The eerie silence of side streets lit by the pools of light from the lamposts . . . the tall gaunt buildings that gaze bleakly into blackness, their smooth cool stone standing mute . . . a greenish neon boot over a shoe-store . . . the "walk and wait" signs which change endlessly . . . two denim clad youths chewing candy bars and dangling their feet on the steps of City Hall . . . the flower shop where a loudspeaker plays haunting music at midnight . . the motionless mannequnies posing before an unseen audience in their show windows . . . a quick gust of wind playing with the torn shreds of the morning paper . . . an old bent figure in a long overcoat, whistling to himself . . . autumn leaves curling themselves on the Common . . . the new buses creeping up on you without a sound . . . a popcorn vendor pouring hot, melted butter over crisp kernals . . . "Crazy Man Crazy" jazzing from a jukebox . . . the bright glow of cigarettes amid the late movie crowd . . . those who sit complacently in the terminal waiting for the "Boston Turnpike" to make the last nightly run . . . the city dozes with one eye open for the coming morrow.

SPORTS AFIELD

By BOB DANA

Last year there was an attempt made to predict the outcome of some sporting events, inasmuch as those predictions were approximately eighty per cent correct I will go on with more prognostications. This year, unlike last, the forecasts will be confined to school activities.

First . . . The basketball team is more fortunate than most. Coach Jack Eager can look forward to seeing the great bulk of last year's team back, namely, Paige Rowden, Bil Ferris, Bob Ashe Jackie Hayes, Eddie Grant, Jackie Regele, and "Chick" Simon. The big seven will be pressed hard by last year's J. V.'s, as well as a promising freshman drive.

Second . . . Look for more emphasis to be put on intra mural sports. Last year if you remember a "red hot" junior secondary team managed to eke out a victory over an inspired freshman five. This year, there is little to stand in the way of an improved senior secondary team meeting a bolstered "frosh" squad.

Third . . . Girl's sports are in for a big lift. A great W.A.A. board will see to that. Some girls might organize a team to represent girl's sports outside the school. This should be accomplished this year, I understand it is being done in other schools.

Fourth . . . There should be a larger turn-out for the ball games this year, due to an increased school spirit. I hope it will no longer be necessary for the boys to play in an empty gym—it doesn't help moral. The boys give their best, the least we can do is to go out and cheer for them once in a while.

In the next issue I hope to have the basketball schedule for you, as well as an exclusive interview with a great "sport". Don't forget—"If you can't take part in a sport, you can be one anyway."

A Freshman Comes

(Continued from Page 4)

from the hands of the Great Teacher. Is this the place for you? Where else could you be, doing more influential, more helpful, more Godlike work, than here preparing to enter the classroom of America as moulders of fine youth?

First class tennis racket for sale. See the bulletin board. Name your price! No strings attached. See you around the campus.

anne hussey

Nov 19, 1953

the acorn

Nov. 19 '53

Vol. XI. State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass. No. 6

FACULTY DEFEATS SENIOR CLASS

The Senior class of 1954 was brutally beaten in two out of three volleyball games on Tuesday evening, Nov. 4. After a tremendous rally lasting from noon to one o'clock of that day, everyone thought that the seniors would be victorious. However, talent won over spirit, and with an onlooking crowd of over 200, Miss Stafford, Mr. Eager, Mr. Mochler, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Osbourne and Mr. Riordan forwarded their team to fame.

The losing Senior teams were Elementary 1 and 11, while the Senior Secondary team was just barely able to overcome the faculty six. Refreshments and dancing were other highlights of this memorable event. Our thanks go to the faculty members who were such good sports and who played such an excellent game, to all those present who gave both moral and financial support, and to the Seniors who tried so hard to win. We extend to next year's class the honor of beating the faculty. As for the Seniors of '54, we'll always remember November 3rd.

TRUE STC'ers

Joseph Maguire, '57

Mr. Riordan called to mind the other day to the boys in an assembly what it is to be a gentleman. He quoted Cardinal Newman, who said, "A gentleman is one who never inflicts pain. "What a wonderful tribute it would be to a man to have it said of him—"he never hurt anyone, anyway." . . . Certianly we, as prospective teachers should always bear that in mind. A well mannered person has so many doors opened to him that are closed to the one who is ignorant of the basic courtesies of life.

People will judge our school by the way we act. If we go around shouting, slamming doors, looking out for ourselves alone, we would have a sorry reputation. This is especially so, since we have such a gentlemanly and ladylike faculty here and they want to be able to be proud of us.

We have a lot to be proud of—we go to an excellent college, with a very high repute this far. But any good reputation can crash down if we let one word slip, or

(Continued on Page 3)

Some Soph Thoughts

We, the students of WSTC have entered perhaps the hardest but most rewarding of all professions: TEACHING. For four years at this college we are to form the patterns of attitudes and interests that will make for our success or failure in teaching. It is imperative then for us to spend much time now in analysis of our feelings, abilities and habits so that we may give the most to the American child of the future. Let us begin our analysis here and now. What are some of the qualities of a good teacher that should supplement a general education?

It seems Humility is of utmost importance to Arthur Godfrey; we've wondered along with Julius LaRosa as to its meaning. Unassuming seems to be one of its best synonyms. We must find a meaning for ourselves. Perhaps our cultural subjects will help us.

Art and music are cultured subjects. The good teacher must have a general education in this field. He must bring creative art to his classroom. He must have an understanding of all types of music and be able to pass on to his students the feeling of relaxation that can come from listening to symphonic music, and the enjoyment that comes from popular dance music.

However, as well as being humble and cultured, a teacher must also have certain professional attitudes. Public attitudes towards teachers are often incorrect. She's an old maid and the reason she went into teaching? That's simple: "Those that can do, and those that can't teach." These attitudes influence the teacher's self picture too much. We must honor and respect our profession and through our work bring a change to public attitudes. A change to show teachers as human likable people.

Professional ethics is another attribute of a good teacher. He must be fair in his dealings and practice his religion.

Perhaps the most important characteristic a good teacher should possess is Insight. Can you put yourself in another fellows place and see problems and uncertainties? Practice on your companions and you'll find new and deeper friendships.

Of course I cannot overemphesize the fact that teachers should possess a love of Nature. This is because Natural History is a new teaching field that holds my deep interest expressed by summer counseling. Each of us should, however, understand the relationship that exists in nature. Indeed we all feel close to God when alone in the great outdoors.

Speaking of the outdoors my mind flies to the football game I recently attended. This brings us to the role Sports must play in our lives as teachers. We must not only be spectators but also participants. Unless you have experienced the great thrill of playing a basket ball (or any other sport) game you cannot give a spirit of sportsmanship to your students.

Last, and certainly not least a good teacher must possess a Sense of humor. I have no doubt that the students of WSTC do have this as laughter lives in the air at our college.

Can you guess what I've spelled out??????? Well this, dear teacher, is your reward. Ann Matthews

"NEPTUNES BALL," THEME OF '53 JUNIOR PROM

Another great event featured on the Juniors' Social Calendar takes place tonight at 8:00 P. M. in the gymnasium, the annual Junior Prom. Miss Patricia Sullivan is general chairman of "Neptunes Ball". As the name implies that gymnasium will be decorated to represent an underwater scene, ingeniously devised by the Decoration Committee headed by Edward Grant and John Hayes.

Stepping into the gym, you will imagine you are attending a dance with mermaids on the ocean. Of the many illusions presented by a combination of cleverly planned scenes you will see a giant clam shell backing a mounted queen's throne.

There color scheme of aqua and white by its very effective use will make you forget that you are attending a dance at a gym but will make you feel as though you are attending one of Neptune's majestic dances in his undersea ballroom.

Guests of the Junior Class for this gala event are Miss Rita M. Morris, Mr. John E. Sullivan, Dr. Francis Jones, and Dr. Albert Farnsworth.

Dancing will be from 8:00—12:00 P. M. to the sentimental music of a top orchestra.

Veritas Forum

The Veritas Forum held its opening forum Friday, October 30th at the Sheraton. The topic of discussion was "'McCarthyism' Real or Smear?'". It was agreed at the outset that all Americans are concerned with the threat Communism represents to our western democracy. The disagreement comes with relation to methods of attack against this threat (which stems from fear, suppression, and economic chaos). The speakers were both from Fordham University.

Daniel J. Sullivan, Ph. D. was a very quiet humble man who appealed to the reason of his audience. He believes McCarthyism to be erranious because it is not spiritual in escence. He also stated that the end does not justify the means; we must be moral in our methods. The Dr. Concluded his talk with the ideal that America must not lose her soul.

In James J. Flynn, Ph. D. the audience found an unexcelled sense of humor that appealed to the emotions of his listeners. This man gave many examples to prove his point that McCarthyism was doing an excellent job in ridding our country of "Commies." He spoke of this man as having "the patients of a saint." Dr. Flynn closed his talk with the idea that these methods were rooting the real "Commies" for our country.

Friday evening was both educational, because it stimulated us to think, and enjoyable, because it was spent among friends. In the future this forum will present other topics which are important to us as future teachers in a chaotic world. It is this writer's hope and belief that in the future other students will attend this forum.

Future topics will be:

Nov. 20—U. N. Asset or Liability?

Dec. 11—What's Happening to America abroad?

Jan. 5—Socialized Medicine.

Feb. 5—Is Modern Women a Failure?

Mar. 5—Dark Age or Renaissance, Which Lies Ahead?

editorial

Our poetry section, **new directions,** seems to be a very controversial corner. Your editors would like to briefly tell you something about new thoughts in poetry.

Poetry today capitalizes, for the most part, on word symbolism. Word symbolism is the system of using one word to explain large areas of thought. To interperate the poets meaning in a poem, something must be known about him. And then, not at all times do we need to know the poet, when we are familiar with the words used as symbolism. Take, for instance, the words "Leaden Eyed" from a poem by Lindsey. What is suggested by these words? Naturally, something that is short sighted. Word symbolism, then, is the method that poets convey their own thoughts on nature, politics, and so forth.

Other poets use whole poems to convey their ideas. This type poetry usually is subjective and personal and the meaning buried deeply in the subconscious of the poem. In other words, the poets poem is completely integrated word symbolism.

This may have cleared your mind and help you when you read our poetry section this issue. One thing we are sure of is that if you are seeking simple poetry you will not find it because it does not exist. Poetry today is an intellectual abstract in very refined tones.

- editor-in-chief, Clinton Boutwell
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Bells

9:49 A. M. . . A classroom with its students poised like they are going to enter into the 100 yard dash. A bell's metallic ringing, the immediate disregard of all around them as they dash for the door to stand idly in the corridors, go to the lounges for that quick cigarette, or go get a bite in the cafeteria. Then in a few minutes amidst the gay chatter of the lounge crowd, the noise of people trying to be heard in the corridors, a bell rings. The books are picked up, the cigarettes are ducked and the mad race is on to beat the bell. The main objective now is to slide into your seats just as the bell stops ringing.

To those of you who have gone to schools where bells prevail you know the consequences these bells can have. It goes without saying that it can become hazardous, but it is many persons' impression, that the worst thing about bells is the tardiness that goes along with them. To make bells worthwhile there should be a warning bell a minute or two before each class and then perhaps the students would start on time.

To the students who have never gone to a school that has lived by bells you are in for an experience and it is believed that when you learn the system you'll also be seen looking for tardy slips.

A Student.

One World

One word consisting of many individual states should remain the philosophy of this conservative American mind. In this age of growing materialism, the mind of the liberal thinker is accepting the undecidedly erroneous doctrine of a World Federation of States or as Wendell Wilkie termed it "One World."

The World Federalists, as they are called, unconditionally support the United Nations. What is the United Nations but a determined effort or attempt to create a super state, which in order to succeed must have at least some power in the interest of peace and human welfare.

There is no basis for the beliefs held by the World Federalists that nations can achieve perfection harmony or justice under one flag or one government collectively any more easily than they can do it alone. We Americans derived a more than adequate constitution

(Continued on Page 3)

new directions

the jungle

As we stand in the teeming jungle amid entangled vines of sin,
A cry is heard in the distance, and the voice of civilization begins—
"You are the new generation. You are to lead these savage men
Out of this jungle of confused ideals into some clearing again.
In this jungle true vision is obliterated for the concealing vegetation is thick,
And the many animals feeding on the corrupted plants grow sick."
But are we able to find the right path? Can we ever see the way
To lead them from the realm of everlasting night into the illumination of day?
We shall search and plan, hope and teach, then attempt to lead,
But what if they call us fools and run, none left of them to heed,
What if we, too, then grow weak and are caused to fall behind them,
Will they wander through the jungle evermore with no element of strength to guide them?
Yes, what if we, too, grow weak and fall into the quicksand of sin,
What then shall be the fate of the world, what then, oh voice, what then?

Louise Agurkis.

time is a giver

Time is perhaps a giver after all.
In taking away his cartloads of our dreams
he leaves a recompense of blessed peace,
perhaps. And we kill him. And we wait him away.
Wait him and waste him away, and find him thirsty,
thirstier than ourselves . . . . . .

Out in my hall
as I came in last night, I passed a stranger
old as Eden, shadowed, gaunt, and tall
who said **I thirst, I thirst,** and that is all,
muttered in ticks and tocks the taut phrase over,
mored with a bone-creak toward an old embrace,
and waits in the shadows for me there again.
Time is a giver, but a vengeful lover.

Rod Barry.

TOMOLONIUS SAYS:

Did you ever notice how once a band or a vocalist gets popular it, or he, always makes a trip to Europe? I don't know why; they'd make a lot more money if they stayed here we should think. Frankie Laine, we understand, went over big with the British, as did Danny Kaye, while the occupation troops over in Germany got a chance to see Stan Kenton this summer. But then the U. S. is forever getting European imports like Edith Piaf, Ertha Kitt, Denise Darcel, and many others. We suppose that all this serves to keep good-will among the nations as well as keeping the record industry hopping.

FRANKIE LANE

Arthur Godfrey is making big news these days as we all know. We happen to like Julius' voice, but aside from "Eh, Cumpari" he hasn't made a record of a song that someone else hasn't already popularized! "Rosanne", "My Funny Valentine", were both previously done by Vic Demone, while "I Believe" has already sold more than a million records for Frankie Laine. Anyway, another one of Godfrey's finds is a girl named Lou Ann Simms who has cut a very clever side called "You're Just In Time To Be Too Late". Let's not overlook her.

One of the first songs that the Four Lads ever made was a very pretty thing called "Turn back". It seems ironical that this record never got anywhere when, in our estimation, it surpasses anything else they've ever done.

Mitch Miller, we often considered, was merely a mediocre band leader with a big orchestra and chorus at his disposal, especially when he was backing up Guy Mitchell and his novelties a while ago. However, recently he has been doing a fine job of backing Frankie Laine (guess who our favorite is) on things like "High Noon" and "Blowing Wild", and even more recently has cut a marvelous side called "Under Paris Skies." Our opinion has since been reversed.

In discussing the Hilltoppers last month we overlooked the flip side of their "Love Walked In". Adhering to the current trend of religious songs, they made "To Be Alone", which is a singularly impressive recording if one listens to the monologues in the middle.

The late Glenn Miller has always been dear to our hearts. Like Duke Ellington in the jazz field, he's probably done more to set the pattern in the commercial field than anyone else. Now, just about every hit Miller ever made has been renewed ;which should make just about everyone happy.

We can't help but feel that Tommy Dorsey is lowering his prestige by continuing to arrange those outlandish "doodle de doo" records like the "Most Beautiful Girl in the World" or "Faling in Love with Love".

Hillbillie songs are forever being brought over to the commercial world. We can't say that we're sorry, though, since they've been made so successful by the talents of Tommy Edwards and Frankie (there he is again) Laine. The latest is a pretty cutting by Joni James called "I'll Never Stand in Your Way".

Tony Bennett, after a few lean years, has managed to climb to the top of the recording heap again through his fine interpretations of "From Rags to Riches", "Here Comes that Heartache Again", and "I'll Go". All are very commendably done.

Although the heading might seem rather imposing, this column is devoted merely to the personal observations and criticisms of another music lover just like yourselves. We hope you like it.

Club News

(Continued from Page 3

fresh fruits and vegetables plus turkeys and send them to needy area families in the name of W. S. T. C.

Newman Club

A Holy Hour was held at Our Lady of Fatima Church to open the 1953-1954 season of the Newman Club. After the Holy Hour a business meeting and social was held in the church hall. Father Bushey welcomed all the new members to the club. The officers and Dr. Busam, faculty advisor, were introduced to the club. On October 30, a Hallowe'en Party was held at the Newman House on Salisbury street in conjunction with the colleges in Worcester. It was a huge success. On December 1, there will be a card party to be held at the school gym to raise funds for a scholarship for an orphan.

Personals

Twenty lovely girls in the junior class would be interested in meeting twenty handsome and collegiate males. Object: junior prom. Charleston lessons given in gym class. Contact Jean Henegan.

Donations of playing cards are willingly being accepted by those patronizing the girls' lounge. Reward: A chance to play the winners.

Students interested in joining a Bing Crosby fan club meet Neil Daly at noontime in his car.

Any publisher interested in making a million with a new hillarious comedy "A Summer at Cape Cod" please contact the sophomore and junior girls.

If you're interested in joining the foreign legion see Bob Beauregard.

Would any girl who knows **all** the words to "Down by the Riverside" please come to the girls' lounge at noon.

Any student who would like to take up the study of folk songs contact Chris Dionis.

The sophomores and junior secondaries are interested in meeting a cartographer who would be willing to do about 500 maps and charts for a reasonable price.

If you have any insomnia problems see Dolores Lord and Nancy Jones.

The preceeding is an example of the typical personal ad column that would appear in any S. C. newspaper where there are members of W. S. T. C. Louise Agurkis.

Le Cercle Francais

At a meeting of Le Cercle Francais held this month, plans were made for Christmas.

Each year the club makes up a package of Christmas gifts to be sent to their adopted godchild, Annie, who lives in the Town of Lorient in Britany. Besides sending her Christmas gifts, the club carries on correspondence with her. Annie's father lost his life during the last war. Through her letters, the members of the club have learned to know and to love her. The club has learned a great deal about her and her country. The club thinks that Annie has gained some knowledge of Le Cercle Francais, too. Annie is not a distant foreigner to Le Cercle Francais. She is a member also, a very special member. Her mother wrote a letter this summer when she learned about the tornado in Worcester. She was anxious about all of Annie's friends at S. T. C. Andrew Nicholas.

the symposium

Clinton Boutwell

For an hour or so I have mulled over the subject communism and democracy thinking of what I could say. Now after using three sheets of paper I realize that such subjects need too many pieces of paper to explain intelligently. In their stead then, I hope you will not object to my setting down a few thoughts on democracy. . .

Democracy to me is more than a list of freedoms. It is more than just the right of an individual to start his own business or vote for the person he chooses. It is all these things and more. I like to think of that theoretical democracy where people will live democracy. It is at once a freedom and a restriction. The freedom to live a co-operative life. That is to say,, a life where people learn to respect the ideas and customs of other people. A life where a person with individual ideas is not badgered by the mob to toe-the-line.

My democratic society would have as its mainstay a truly objective educational system. In this education nothing would be sacred, nothing a finality. Schools would become (as they are becoming) a place to learn how to live. The required major would be: How to co-operate. This educational system would prepare people to look for meaning in life. So often today people are only interested in gaining wealth. In this blind question, people have forgotten that working is really a means of providing the basic needs in life and only this. Unfortunately ,working has become the be-all; to keep up with the folks next door, the creed. Is this the real meaning of life? To work without gaining the real pleasure of living? I think not. And to most people, bending over a machine or figures does not amount to pleasure.

By pleasure I do not mean the senseless hedonism of philosophy, but living the life you wish to lead **whether** it be making a garden or translating Goethe.

In this demorcracy, political matters will be integrated with society. By this I mean that the government will be a true expression of the people. The co-operativeness of the people will be the prototype of the co-operativeness of the government.

A democracy such as described above can only be a reality when people take a pragmatic and objective approach to progress. Progress can only come through a fostering of ideas and this can only be, by letting ideas be expressed. When a political government states you shall not think such and you shall not do such, when it does not intail violence, oversteps its prerogatives and our democracy decays. This

(Continued on Page 5)

THE PEN OF PHILANTHROPY

A Collection of the Papers of Gunther Purdue.

INTRODUCTION

Since it is customary to introduce new authors, I suppose I should take it upon myself to introduce the man whose works will follow in the succeeding issues of this paper. Yet I believe that if too detailed an introduction is given, much of the pleasure derived from reading them will be lost. I think that the reader can just as easily determine what type of man an author is by reading some of his works, as have someone tell all about him.

Therefore, all I think you need to know is that Gunther Purdue is a traveler, philanthropist, and humorist ;a man who has learned to appreciate life and all concerned with it. But above all, he is a human being; just another mortal.

To me, any author is just another mortal. They experience the same feelings we do, breathe the same air we do, and eat, just as we do. The fact that they may write does not make them a type of god to be worshipped. Neither does it make their written word, law. To write is not an inherent gift. As Gunther Purdue explains, "I am moved by what I see, and I write of the things that move me." This fact causes many people to claim his writings to be philosophical in context, but to me they represent just another great mirror through which we can view this, the human race.

And on that note I leave you. Leave you to become better acquainted with Gunther Purdue the author, but even more important, with Gunther Purdue, the man.

Installment I

MY CREED

Down through the corridors of the Temple of Literature, authors have emblazoned their respective creeds of life on its sacred walls. Here they remain a symbol for all time; a symbol that succeeding generations may accept or reject. If there is acceptance, it involves influencing many people's lives, and even in rejection, there is a certain amount of exposure to the belief, that the individual may be influenced by it, even though it may be but slightly.

Varied authors had varied outlooks on life. Some were optimists, others were bitter pessimists, and still others were rabid idealists. It is my belief that one cannot survive if he adopts only one of these outlooks. If one is an optimist, he is really a dreamer, afraid to face reality. This world of ours is not a Paradise by any means, and one can't make it a better one by sitting back and believing that it will improve itself in the sweet by and by.

If someone believes he is a complete pessimist, . . . well, I see no reason for his further existence on this earth. This type sees no hope in anything, and the future to him, is just a dark cloud on the hori-

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Letters To Editor

(Continued from Page 2)

from our great patriots. And the Federalists who wish to relegate our constitution to a role of minor importance or complete oblivion are wrong. Utopianistic thinking or moralizing is not wrong in itself, but to work actively against American principles is wrong spiritually, morally and legally. Only the most naive who are sometimes the most brightly educated dare to believe that happiness or harmony can be legislated or dictated by a World Federation. A Student

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alumni speaks

Mr. Editor:

I am a graduate of the class of 1952 at S. T. C. While in college, I read every edition of the school publication, but since then, I, as many of the other graduates have lost almost complete contact with the school. As I remember we had an alumni column in those days.

It seems to me that for a few more dollars and with the co-operation of the Acorn's business manager and the other staff members that you could put out and mail copies of the newspapr to the alumni of the past 3—4 years. Other schools such as B. U. and Holy Cross publish alumni notes for their former graduates. Why not S. T. C.

The business manager could raise the necessary funds for mailing charges, etc. by soliciting subscriptions of $1.00 a year for which the alumni would gladly contribute.

I would appreciate it if someone would look into the matter and propose an alumni column and newspaper. Class of "52".

CLUB NEWS

A. C. E. News

The toys made for the tornado children were delivered Tuesday, November 10, to Miss Barbara Kester at the Administration Building at Greatbrook Valley. Members of the A. C. E. helped Miss Wilmarth with the project.

We hope you are all planning to attend our dance December II, which will be held in our school gym. It promises to be a big event and proceeds from the dance will send a child to the Fresh Air Fund Camp—so be on the lookout for further information about Dec. II.

Glee Clubs

The newly elected officers of the Women's Glee Club are:

President—Jacqueline Lupien.

Vice-President—Carole Cormier.

Secretary-Treasurer — Ann Matthews.

The officers of the Men's Glee Club, are:

President—Francis Gunville.

Vice-President—Raymond Scherdell.

Secretary-Treasurer — Thomas Sheahan.

On December 11, the combined Glee Clubs will present a Christmas program for Assembly. They will sing " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas." Carols will be sung by soloists from both Glee Clubs.

Eleanor Kowalczyk—"O' Come All Ye Faithful."

Christine O'Leary — "Silent Night."

Ray Scherdell—"Oh, Holy Night."

Grace Adjeleian—"Lullaby, Thou Little Tiny Child."

Other soloists include Mary Celona, Adele Nalepa, Paul Lekstrom, Thomas Sheahan, Francis Gunville, and Richard Nuttall.

Jeanne Robbins is the accompanist for the both Glee Clubs. Other accompanists are Jacqueline Lupien, Joan Phillips, Elaine Curran, and Judith Hosmer.

The entire program is under the able direction of Miss Grace Kendrick, faculty advisor for the clubs.

Robert I. Fox Memorial Debating Society

Officers chosen are:

President—Louise J. Agurkis.

Vice-President—Alice T. Nugent.

Secretary - Treasurer—Madeline Y. Proulx.

Dolores Lord and Nancy Jones will debate the national topic, "Should the U. S. adopt a policy of free trade?" with Holy Cross on November 18. W. S. T. C. debaters will take the affirmative side. Hazel Sher and John Mack will debate the affirmative side against Clark University on November 16.

Student Christian Association

The Student Christian Association opened its 1953-1954 season with a business-social meeting on October 15. Officers for the year are:

President—Janet Ostergard.

Vice-President—Brenda Kobel.

Secretary—Shirley Kujala.

Assistant Secretary—Joan Phillips.

Treasurer—Andrew Nicholas.

Social Chairman—Ann Joudrey.

Faculty Advisor—Mr. Edmond C. Osborne.

Spiritual Advisor — Reverend Lloyd Yeagle.

Monthly meetings are held the second Tuesday of every month.

Representatives in each class are selling address stickers to raise money for the scholarship fund. Don't forget to get yours.

Plan to contribute food or money to the Thanksgiving project this year. We gather canned goods and

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STC'ers

(Continued from Page 1)

let one action occur that would be better left undone . . . But there is more to it than that. We cannot expect to be a good teacher if we sling around dirty jokes and say things uncharitable, if not untrue, about our fellow men who are as good as we, if not better . . . If we are to become filthy in our mannerisms and in our entertainment, what will Worcester think of us and, more important, of our college. Remember, you are a student of W.S.T.C. 24 hours a day, you do not lose that identification when 3:30 p. m. comes around . . . If we had very distinguished guests, I am sure that we would be very respectful and modest to them. Why not make it an everyday procedure. Be genuine in your conduct. Remember Our Lord's words on hyprocrisy. And remember, if we give scandal, according to Scripture, "It would be better if a milestone was hung around his neck and he were drowned in the sea." Conduct everyday, everywhere accentuates that in the light of our convincing people whether W. S. T. C. is good or bad for the students. It is up to you—it pays big dividends. Courtesy never has failed to pay, has it? Why not draw from that wonderful treasury of riches—courtesies—now?

Seniors Gain Honors of Month

Boy of the Month

SENIOR CLASS

The r-r-roar of a dual exhaust—the flashing of a black sedan—a trail of whirling smoke—the boy of the month comes whipping around. The "Acorn" has chosen Rod Barry of the senior class as boy of the month at S. T. C.

Rod, who hails from Auburn, the Dandy town, is a priceless product of the class of 1950, at Auburn High, where he served as editor-in-chief of the yearbook, "Cauldron", and editor of the school magazine, "The Green Dome". He also wrote the senior class will. During his junior and senior years, the doors to a new field were opened for Rod; that of writing poetry. Ever since then he has been writing and composing poems proficiently. It wasn't until his sophomore year in college that we saw his poetic talent at work when, as a member of the feature staff of the "Acorn", his poem, "Early Spring", conferred upon him the title of "Sophomore Laureate".

In his junior year, Rod's contributions were greater with such works as "Mutation"; "the Plea"; "Cracks in the Walls"; "The Prey", a real piercing poetic work; "Early Summer"; and the one which concluded the school year, "The Also Beautiful", which in my opinion is one of the best of his chef-d'oeuvres.

However, Rod's writing wasn't merely confined to publishing poems for the school paper. He also worked on a sort of an epic poem called "Cacophony in a Boneyard", which to this day hasn't been seen by a single person. This long piece of work is not yet complete, but I venture to say that when it is, it will be worthwhile reading. At the Acorn banquet held at Franklin Manor last year, he was awarded a certificate of merit for his poetic inclusions and achievements.

Besides his poetic genius, this fellow has various diversions. He is a piano player, collector of records, Stan Kenton being his favorite recording artist; and he has quite a repertoire in the field of literature. Shakespeare's works are among his favorite. Thomas Wolfe is his preference in the world of authors. There aren't many of his works that he hasn't yet read.

One of his most cherished possessions is the "Rodmobile", the only customized boat in the entire myriad of cars at the school. His former car, the "Honeywagon", was a late '30's model Chevrolet which leaves only memories in the hearts of those who knew it, rode in it, and ate their lunches in it.

In his spare time, Rod works, as he has had for the past three years at Buehler Bros. in the capacity of a meat cutter. So you see, he is very versatile. Easy girls! My goodness!

At the present time, he is apprentice-teaching at Auburn High, teaching English literature and grammar. Professional fitness is a must in teaching and Rod has had to cast aside his precious white bucks, and his flannel attire to don the teacher's suit.

Lover of literature ,lover of poetry and lover of philogyny characterize Rod Barry.

State Teacher's College is proud to have him as a student.

P. B. B.

Girl of the Month

SENIOR CLASS

A cheery hello and she bustles on her way to an A. C. E. Meeting, an Acorn Meeting, or perhaps a glee club rehearsal. This tall attractive girl is very familiar to the students who patronize the cafeteria at noon. Theresa Babbidge, or Terry as she is familiarly called by all those who know her, entered W. S. T. C. after graduating from South High. Theresa made herself known at South High by her willingness to work for any organization of which she was a member. Some of these organizations were the Glee Club, the Band and Orchestra and the Index Staff.

Theresa entered State Teachers the following September, bursting with many new ideas and the healthy attitude of getting the most possible from her college life. A part of the Dramatic Club Play was one of the first of her many accomplishments. She soon became a member of the Glee Club and then lent her athletic ability to her class for all their intra-mural sports.

Four fruitful years have passed since she came to W. S. T. C. and these four years gave her the ability to head the A. C. E. and their big dance which is scheduled for Dec. 11. This dance she wants to be successful for two reasons, the first is purely social, but the second reason is the most important in Terry's mind. Help for needy children depends upon the success of this dance.

An avid writer of poetry and original writings, she is one of the Senior mainstays of the Acorn. Her Poetry, although simple in line has beautiful thoughts that you seem to carry away with you. Her column, Splinters is different and well written.

Even though Terry carries a full sized school schedule, she works nights at Eastons. To get a taste of Terry's genius at its best you should go in some night and get one of her special sundaes. These sundaes will surprise even the most experienced fountain help. Your syrup can be anything from strawberry to lime. This is real originality.

We know that with Theresa's stamina and determination that she cannot help but impart to her future pupils that zest for living that she has.

Sophomore Capers

Welcome, welcome, O readers of the column! This is your old friend, "Journalist Jack", reporting the news and views of the hour. Ah, yes, there's sad news tonight . . . some playful soul drew a bopper's "go-tee" on Mr. Beethoven's bust in the music room . . . Will someone please ask Pat C. where she got those purple, blue, and yellow socks with the white diamonds? Poor Bob Perry is still trying to best Dave Sugarman in that contest of the centuries—ping pong . . . Is it true that Herb Miller dated Marilyn Monroe? They say he has a new York paper to prove it . . . We'll have to check the files on that one . . . Bob Baker, better known as "Ah Boo Ben Baker the Tent Maker" is reported to be driving a camel with no brakes. Oh well, we're glad to hear that somebody has discovered a practical use for head winds .. . D.C. of S-1 and B.R. of S-4 have joined the League of Fraternity Pin Wearers . . . "Buzzy" F. is forever arguing about progressive music with liberal minded Dave T. . . . Rumor

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symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

democracy must also be dynamic and experimental. Experimental to meet the new needs of the people as they arise. Dynamic to have vision. People live by ideas; democracy must encourage questioning of itself and its motives. Constant re-evaluation to keep it healthy.

My democracy sounds very utopian doesn't it. Brotherhood, education, political dynamics all integrated making it hard to tell one from the other. Actually it could be if we hold this idea and work for it. And I think this is the greatest task confronting a teacher: to develop the sense of urgence in students in working for a pragmatic, constructive ,and co-operative society. In doing such we stack the odds against people like Hitler and Stalin ever gaining a foothold in our America and in our world. . . . The only country I feel can even approach this ideal is Sweden which is a fine example of what a pragmatic democracy can do.

Junior Elementaries

Besides their paper mache work and many readings and observations the junior elementaries find time for various interesting extra-curricular activities:

Some of the girls from junior elementary II were really enthusiastic about the B. U.-H. C. week-end. Could it be that they entertained out-of-town friends, eh Honey? . . . Have you noticed Pat Kneeland in the cafeteria lately frantically making telephone calls about that certain ring she keeps misplacing . . . Dolores Manning is brushing up on Spanish for her frequent trips to Brown . . . Dolores Moore never fails to write a letter every night . . . Does Pat Sullivan like the pipe, slippers, and fireplace type? . . . Hey Tomato, "What's all this jazz?" . . . Party of the year—Jack Finlay's "paper-ripping" party . . . Margie Cavanaugh spent a fabulous week-end at Cornell. There's no place like Spring Lakes! . . . Card-playing is still very popular among the elementaries in the lounge with Mary Coogan supplying the cards and humorous stories . . .

Well, I've been sneaking around trying to get information, and I've just about run out, but you that got away I'll see you next month

My Creed

(Continued from Page 3)

zon. If any good does befall him, his first remark is that it is only the calm before the storm.

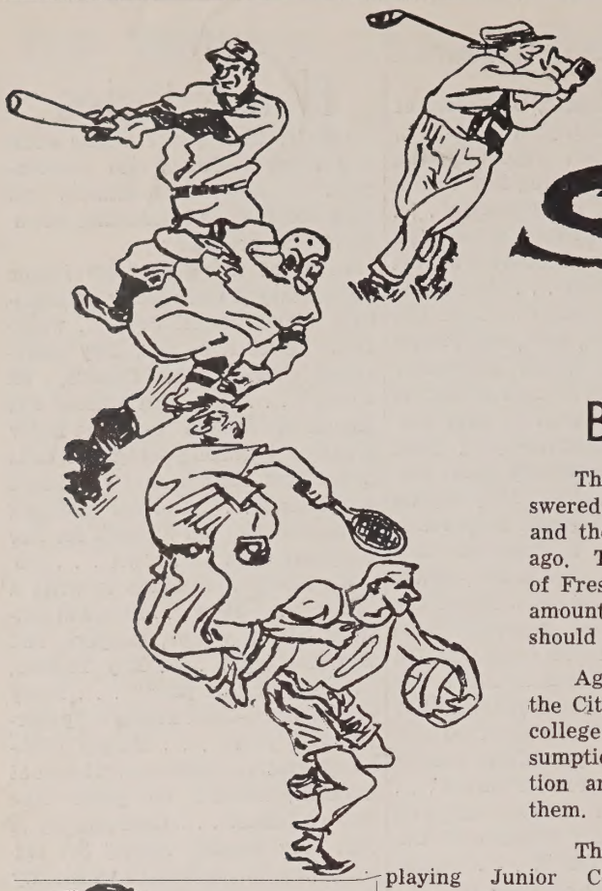
A confirmed idealist is a man with a closed mind. To him, his adopted ideals are unquestionable, and any attempt on your part to try to disprove them is fruitless. Now I don't want to be misunderstood. I believe that it is necessary for a person to adopt ideals to live by, but not to the extent that it closes a man's eyes to all other things around him!

Life can be compared to a sandwich. Into it must go three ingredients. One; a little optimism to give you some hope for the future; two; a little pessimism so that you don't expect too much out of life; and three; some ideals by which to set your pattern of life. These three ingredients used in equal amounts, will make a healthy, nutritious sandwich; but if you use only one ingredient, it will make the sandwich completely indigestible to mankind's system.

GEOGRAPHIES FROM 1910 TO PRESENT DATE

ODD BOOK STORE

73 Madison Street



Sports

BOBBIN' AROUND!!

The signal was given and about thirty hopefuls answered the call. Basketball sessions are now in full swing and the picture is somewhat brighter than it was a year ago. The squad will be bolstered by a promising group of Freshman and from all reports there should be a fair amount of substituting during the season. At any rate it should improve the condition of Coach Eagar's ulcers.

Again the question has been asked, "Why not play the City Colleges? The fact is, out of the three small city college fives here in the city, namely Clark, Tech, and Assumption, the only team we are able to engage is Assumption and we can consider ourselves lucky to schedule them.

The reason is fairly simple. It is because we insist on playing Junior Colleges. Why should a four year college take the chance of being defeated by a team that has been beaten by a Junior College. This year Tech has on their schedule three teams that were beaten by the Teachers last year. They are in order: Fitchburg Teachers, Lowell Textile and Assumption. Yet they won't even consider scheduling us.

Certainly someone can be held responsible for this situation for someone has been negligent. From all appearances it seems the M. A. A., instead of being an active student organization it is a rather static organization. It is very apparent that it is hardly a student club at all but more of a supervised puppet. A dance management. The only action necessary would be to drop the two year teams and make a few inquiries and phone calls.

We constantly hear about money, well let's spend more money on trips and more on home games. Admission to all the home games is free.

W.A.A.

By Carol Marsall

Thursday, October 22, the volleyball season opened with girls from all four classes participating. Originally this day was set aside the first round of the season but this was abandoned in favor of practice for the four classes.

Friday, October 23, one of the biggest events in the M. A. A. and W. A. A. calendar took place. It was a very formal affair with the cream of society attending, (for all of you who don't know what I am talking about, this heralded event was the Dogpatch Drag or Stag, with everyone in the attire of "knights of the road" (bums).

On the following Tuesday, it was thought that everyone had had enough of practice and the tournament finally got underway with the Sophs showing the Freshman what another year will do. The Freshman made an excellent showing considering that some of them had never seen a volleyball.

Continuing on with the tournament, the Senior Elementarys II defeated the Senior Elementarys I and the Junior Elementarys I defeated the Junior Elementarys II on November 2.

The words "remember Nov. 3" were on the tips of every senior's tongue for about a week and then the day finally arrived and the cat was let out of the bag. It was the annual Senior-faculty volleyball game. In the first game of the night, the Senior girls went down to defeat. In the second game, the Seniors dignity was upheld when the secondary men came back to trounce the teachers. The third game of the night brought the Seniors Elementary a crushing defeat. The teachers are not quite so old as we might think.

Now that the students had been defeated by the teachers, it was again time to think of the intra-mural tournament. The Senior Elementarys II which had so recently suffered a setback came back to defeat the Junior Elementary I.

Sophomore Capers

(Continued from Page 5)

has it that the former fell on his brain case as a child . . . very sad case . . .

Andy Nicholas still blinding every day with that orange sweater . . . C. A. of S-1 "Mutt" are looking very, very happy these days . . . Who was the young lady in S-4 that was the only one to pass the first P.O.G. exam? . . . We understand that psychologists are being called in to determine whether she's a genius or a magician . . . Dave Shea made it from the ground floor to the library in less than twelve seconds . . . How much H. P. is that Dave? Everybody is still wondering who gave Carolyn W. the haircut? . . . Alan Nelson and Ken Powers make a terrific duo on the popular favorite "Danny Boy". That's about all for now—but before we go, we'd like to leave you with this thought: "If you are able to keep a cool head when everyone else loses theirs, perhaps it's because you don't fully understand the situation. "Oh, here's one more thing . . . will the person finding out where Tom Sheahan got that pipe with the bull's head, complete with nicotine horns, please bring his information to our offices as soon as possible??? Thank you.

Be seeing you,—and that is a warning . . . E. Warner.

SPORTS AFIELD

BOB DANA

There are many things in the news this week. In the last meeting of the M.A.A., the question came up as to the possibility of intra-mural football. The board was fast to act; a committee was set up to make the rules to govern such a large undertaking. The committee met with success. By the time this paper is released a strong soph team will have met with a meek but willing junior six plus two. The six plus two simply means that there are six regular starters and two substitutes.

Attention Student Body! The cheerleaders that did such a wonderful job in trying to improve the sports morale at the college, are looking for a sponsor. There seems to be little doubt in my mind that the M.A.A. should do the sponsoring of this group. Since men's sports benefit, they should be willing to offer the girls the little money they need. Perhaps next year when the girls are more highly organized the finance committee can make an appropriation to such a worthy group. I would appreciate any material or comments from the members of the Student Body pertianing to the sponsoring of the cheerleaders.

The M.A.A. and the W.A.A. dance was a great success. A large turnout showed an increase in social school spirit.

The turnout for basketball was encouraging, Jack Eager lost only the services of one ballplayer, ::Birdie" McSherry. Twenty-eight players turned out for the first few practices. It was a hard decision for Coach Eager when it came time to make the first "cut". The final "cut" will bring the squad down to seventeen. A fast moving five should take to the floor when it comes time to play our first game, December 4. I am very sorry that I do not have the schedule for you as I had promised, but most of the dates are still tentative.

Something to look forward to! The Winter Carnival. This event has always been the most spectacular "go" of the year . . . I understand that it might be possible for intra-mural basketball to be played as prelims, when no J. V. game is scheduled.

Remember . . . Sports are a vital part of America . . . BE AMERICAN.

the acorn

Vol. XI, State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass. No. 7

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Junior Fete Great Success

November 20th, all the "Jonahs" of W.S.T.C. entered the belly of the whale for a night of dancing and fun. Students danced in an underground palace of fish and shells, while chaperones adorned an abandoned ship. The blue ceiling lent an atmosphere of the sea above the dancers, while an entangled net was placed with attractive lighting effects behind it.

The queen, chosen by the chaperones, was Pat Sullivan. Her gown was blue and white, with a taffeta top and net bottom. She wore white shoes and elbow length gloves. Her flowers were in the form of a colonial bouquet made up of pink roses and white baby mums with white streamers. She received a bouquet of red roses and a silver bracelet inscribed with "Queen" and the date from her class.

The attendants were Jean Henegan and Janice Dalbeck. They wore champagne and pink gowns. Both the queen and her attendants looked extremely charming.

Congratulations to Pat, Janice, and Jean, and to all the Juniors for presenting such an enjoyable prom.

Sno-Ball Dance Great Success

The A.C.E. held their annual Sno-ball dance, December 11 in the school gym. The main purpose of the dance involved the sponsorship of a child at the Fresh Air Fund Camp.

Those who helped on the various committees were: orchestra, Katherine Dolan and Jean Kelly; refreshments, Grace Adjelian and Carol Johnson; publicity, Nancy Cunningham and Dianna Vaughan; decorations, Madeline Cavanaugh and Eleanor Bettley; tickets, Evelyn Langton; chaperons, Mary Donahue and Gertrude Harney.

What does "Christmas" mean?

When I was in grammar school I waited eagerly for Christmas, for the manger in our church, the decorations downtown, and, of course, for Santa Claus. As I grew older I was made more and more aware of the fact that Christmas is the birthday of Christ, and that the giving of presents was a gesture that was nice, but that had no real meaning on this day.

It seems that we have forgotten that fact in the last few years, and I do not think that this is the fault of the parents of today's children. No, I and many others blame it on the stores and business enterprises of Worcester. We have come to the point where we cannot enjoy our Thanksgiving dinner without having Christmas trees adorning our city streets. There can be no other reason for this other than the stores of our fair city are greedy for any and all the business they can receive. This rash action on the part of business men seems to be condoned by our Chamber of Commerce and our city officials.

Don't they realize that parents of today want for their children what they themselves had — the right to worship and to observe a holy day in the way that they see fit? Whether Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, no person should have a religious belief crowded out in order to make some ruthless and unconcerned business man happy. We must stand up to them in the only way that we can—we must observe our Christmas in the way that we see fit and not be swept up into the delusion that these people present.

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Casual Observer

Corrine Shea

I don't imagine any of you will ever forget our subway ride that cold December night last year. Of course, we may remember it for different reasons. Do you recall how we were all jammed into the side seats and aisle as usual? Since I was fortunate enough to obtain a rather precarious seat on the side, you may not have noticed me. Besides, I am of a somewhat unostentatious appearance, perhaps fitting the typical description of a correct, fastidious London banker, and would therefore not catch your eye at once.

Oh, I seem to be digressing a trifle. Do forgive me. I shall continue with my narrative. You must have noticed that nervous, furtive looking man that hurriedly boarded the car at Bracton Street. You're not sure? Well, do allow me to refresh your memory. He was dressed in an obviously new blue suit, white shirt, and dignified bow tie. In spite of his appearance, however, he lacked the air which a man of his appearance would have under ordinary conditions.

Nothing incriminating about that, you say? No, but if you had looked closer, you would have noticed the scarred hands, and the dirt under his fingernails, the greasy hair straggling down from under his hat, and the numerous holes in his socks. He also clutched the late edition of the newspaper as if he didn't dare to let it out of his hands. On the front page was that picture of the escaped convict.

Ah, ha! You remembered that didn't you? It seemed that everybody in the car had his eyes glued on the man's face, fascinated by his resemblance to the criminal. The lights were flickering then, though, and one couldn't accuse unless he were absolutely sure.

We all certainly watched that man. Eventually, as though becoming aware of fixed gazes, he backed down the aisle as far as he could go in the packed throng. Maybe he just wanted to hide the poor condition of his socks. Giving the man the benefit of the doubt, perhaps the reason he also turned his coat collar up and pulled his hat down lower was that he was cold or that he wanted to hide his poor haircut.

But why did he turn back the front page and start reading the sport's section? An affinity for athletic endeavors, perchance? Of course, if he had a clear con-

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Christmas

Joseph Maguire

There is a story told of a little boy who received a new wagon as a gift at Christmas after many fervent pleas addressed to Mommy, Daddy, Santa Claus—and God. Yes, he had often prayed for that wagon. One day after Christmas, there was an uproar in his neighborhood that the Christ Child was missing from the Crib at his parish church. Where do you suppose they found it? Why, they found it in his wagon—with the boy giving it a ride. When asked why, he said, "I promised the Baby Jesus that I would give Him the FIRST ride in my new wagon." There is a lesson for us.

How often we forget the real purpose, the FIRST reason for Christmas. To some people, Christ-

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'Your Answer, Please'

It has often been said that gullibility is one of the weak points of the average person, and so I learned in the form of an interview when I asked nineteen people their opinions about the following questions:

1. Do you think Congressman Spodden has any right to ostracize the Santas from the department stores?
2. Do you believe the Alaskan exportation of Christmas trees will interfere with America's free trade policy?
3. In your opinion, what should be done with the six million dollars annually appropriated to the C.A.R.M.A. fund?

First might I state that all these

editorial

With Christmas drawing near and the familiar strains of carols pushing the top tunes off the "jockey" shows, the familiar Christmas talk, asking people to take heed to the concept of Brotherhood of Man, is again popular. Every year at Christmas time it seems we are asked to love our fellows. The other parts of the year are unimportant in that respect.

But is it unimportant? If we had the belief of fraternity through not only this year but our life, would not our problems be easier to overcome? Naturally, by working together in social groups, religious groups, and so forth, we are helping others as well as ourselves—mentally and physically—in providing our needs.

Christmas holidays are a happy time. And well they should be. But they also should be a time of true resolution. The resolution that "if a man as great as Christ can die for the principle of brotherhood, I can at least live to help the concept and principle become a reality."

Christmas holidays are a joyous time. And the **acorn** staff hope that you will keep it joyously—but they also stress that you keep it sincerely, remembering that Christ died for brotherhood and as men we must accept that responsibility.

Have a merry Christmas and a resolute New Year!

- editor-in-chief, Clinton Boutwell
- managing editor, Anne Hussey
- business editor, Anne Cassidy
- copy editor, Doug Weeks
- feature editor, Louise Agurkis
- social editor, Eleanor Bettley
- art editor, Miriam Ivok
- sports editor, Robert Ashe
  Carole Marshall
- news editor, Robert Beauregard
- advisor, Mr. Carleton Saunders

reporters . . . Mary Powers, Carolyn Wainwright, Lucille Desaro, Nancy Kane, Paul Brosnihan, Adele Nalepa, Theresa Babbidge, David Tomolonius, David Shea, Joseph McGuire, Robert Dana, Andrew Nicholas, Mary Dedarian, EdgarWarner and Rod Barry.

Letters to the Editors

Dear Editors,

In the last issue of your paper, there was a column by Bob Ashe which advocated that we drop some of our two year college teams and start playing the four year college teams in the city. I agree with Mr. Ashe completely and I believe that either the M.A.A., the team, or the Student Council should see what could be done about it.

In my opinion our prestige in athletics would raise if we could only beat some of our city college fives even though some of the Junior College fives might have better clubs. Our college has shown it is capable of winning over 4-year colleges as they have won scrimmages from some city college fives. If they can do this in scrimmage why not let them do it for the record.

* * *

Dear Editors,

What I have to say will be straightforward and to the point Since my freshman year, it has become more and more apparent to me that a good teacher besides knowing his subject matter must also be a good speaker if his subject matter is to be transmitted to the student. Isn't it feasible then that the Debating Society of a Teachers' College should be one of the most popular organizations in the school?

Our school has an enrollment of approximately five hundred students. Unfortunately, less than 20 of these students belong to the Debating Society! Why? Is it because the student body doesn't realize the importance of good speech to a prospective teacher? No! I believe that our student body has the mistaken notion that the Debating Society is a club reserved for "polished" speakers and thus should be avoided like the plague. This is utterly ridiculous! The primary purpose of our club is to help the timid student become a confident speaker. It is only of secondary importance to us that we win debates.

(Continued on Page 4)

new directions

Even Unto Night

Rod Barry

On morning spreads the tolling of the bells—
a listening leaf that's falling near me broods
on its past glories, stirring in me wells
of deep solemnity from my past moods.
An old piano hammers out a tune—
each note a broken memory which falls
on ears of those who sang the song in June
but care not now with Winter in their halls

Now that December's here again, I'll raise,
outside the fields where Summer played the lamb,
a stone to all the swiftly moving days
which passed me by and left me where I am.

But I have built up dams against my tears
and dug the graves for all my dying years.

The Christmas Tree That Could Think

I'm a very unusual tree indeed,
I sprang right up from a reasoning seed.
I can think like mortals can,
But cannot speak a tongue like man.
For the greater part of the year,
Before the Christmas season appears,
I live amongst my brother trees,
But know not if they can think like me,
For we are not able to speak at will,
So we know not of each other's skills.
But there is some companionship between
Myself and all my replicas green.
But soon I'm plucked from my woodland bed,
And propped on some living room floor instead
To be weighted down with colored balls,
While sparkling silver on my branches crawls.
But to me, great attention people pay,
And I've never looked so lovely and gay.
Beneath me many presents stay
Till they're opened Christmas day.
I am then a very happy tree
When I think of how important I be.
But when my usefulness is o'er,
They strip and throw me out the door.
To live, roots or love I need
So I shall die, and leave a seed.
These people mean not to do harm to me,
They cannot see I am a reasoning tree.
"Oh what fools these mortals be",
They know not how to treat a reasoning tree.

Louise Agukis.

symposium

Clinton Boutwell

Toward a Philosophy of Life

"The human individual is not self-contained . . . his growth into psychic individuality depends upon his having linked himself one way or another with his environment." This, as almost all H. A. Overstreet's sentences in his **The Mature Mind,** is a pregnant statement important to all students interested in integrating a fullness and, more important, a wholeness to their ideas and values of life. Overstreet's 'psychic individuality' implies this idea of wholeness of personality.

A wholeness of personality, Overstreet calls it maturity, does not automatically come at the end of the adolescent period. When we speak of a mature person in the sense of an end of adolescences, we are not saying that he has a wholeness of personality but rath-

(Continued on Page 4)

SENIOR SQUINTS

The acquisition of two diamonds .. . the new haircuts among the Elementary 1 class . . . the thrill of a fast game of ping pong before class. . . . some girls aren't finishing their handi-work . . . "Target U. S. A." and "A Look At Our Cities . . . talks of practice teaching . . . diversified interests outside of the lounge . . . Dec. 4 . . . the slaughter of the faculty . . . copious Geography notes . . . folders for Philosophy . . .our"leafing"trips . . . modern dance illustrated by the class of '54 . . . warning bells in the lounge . . . books, books, books . . . and more books.

It has been suggested that the use of names in this column be omitted. A poll of Elementary 1 showed one person favoring omitting all names, two indifferent, and 18 in favor of keeping all names in the column. Any opinions of Elementary 11 will be greatly appreciated.

Thank you,
Eleanor Bettley.

Your Answer

(Continued from Page 1)

questions are fictitious, Congressman Spodden doesn't exist . . . Alaska does not export Christmas trees . . . and I'm sure every Junior knows what C.A.R.M.A. means. About seven people saw through the stunt, and to them I doff my hat in recognition of their intelligence; the other twelve worthy souls that I questioned, answered with all the gravity of solemn judges.

In the first question there were many people critical of a congressman who would dare to usurp the age old convention of Santas in department stores—one man blamed it all on the recent investigations that are being held, and another thought ostracize meant "to burn."

In the second question, nine people believed it would interfere with our policy, while two said it wouldn't. The last person told me he didn't like "foreign trees." One elevator operator proceeded to tell me what was wrong with our free trade policy. One person wanted to know if we got our white trees from Alaska.

The third question topped them all, however, because exactly three people inquired what C.A.R.M.A. meant, the rest were content to keep their ignorance hidden. These were the answers I received:

"I would give the money to charity."

"That six million dollars should be given to the people who lived through the tornado."

"That C.A.R.M.A. fund should spend less money on advertisement." (I think this person was thinking of a cigarette brand).

"WE should paint B.C. over in purple."

"That CARMA guy must be a crooked politician to have so much money in his own fund."

This last one was a pure gem because the person I questioned didn't realize I was interested in teaching, this was his answer:

"Well I would give the money to the teachers for a raise, they sure deserve it especially around Christmas time" . . . 'Nuff said. I guess it just goes to prove that people don't know what they are talking about, but they love to give their opinion on any subject.

They're Here!

Last month I predicted that knee sox would arrive along with the cold weather. Well, as you can see by recent observations, they are here, and they are the most to say the least! Our girls are wearing them in various colors, grey and green being the most popular. According to many emphatic comments, they are disliked by the male section of our college, but the females in increasing numbers, are in favor of them, mostly because they are smart, warm ,and form excellent combinations and matches with our favorite sweaters and skirts. So, boys, you'll have to bear along with us, because you'll see these knee sox more frequently in the months to come. By the way, if you have any old elastics you would like to contribute, I'm sure we can use them.

Louise Agurkis.

To Santa

If we still believed in Santa Claus, and believed that it was possible for him to give us anything we requested, S.T.C. requests might look something like this:

Lounge girls—a radio.
Chris Diomis—a book of folk songs.
Junior elementaries — ideas for reading readiness.
Sophomores and freshmen—ability to top junior prom.
Doris McTighe—five pairs of shoes and an old car.
Eleanor Bettley — a bumble-shoot umbrella.
Frances Rutkowski—a dinner date for Hong Fong's.
John Wasner—new cartoons in the public library.
Alice Nugent—a bear-skinned coat.
Paul O'Day—a co-ed lounge.
Helen Thomasian—a new nickname and kerchief with green traffic lights.
Barbara Mack—a horse and the accessories.
Ann Grigas—an "A" in history.

CLUB NEWS

Robert I. Fox Memorial Debating Society

W. S. T. C. debaters competed against Clark University Tuesday afternoon, December 8, and Holy Cross Friday afternoon, December 11, here at the school. Michael Seery and Eleanor Riordan debated the national topic against Clark University, and Leo Coleman and Gerald Maloney debated against Holy Cross. Judges were Mr. Richard Clifford, former president of the debating society, and Mr. John Sullivan, faculty adviser of the club.

* * *

Glee Clubs

The annual Glee Club Christmas Concert was given on December 11, in the Auditorium under the direction of Miss Grace Kendrick. Soloists included: Adele Nalepa, Raymond Scherdell, Mary Celona, Louise MacPhee, Christine O'Leary, Thomas Jackson, Paul Lekstrom, Grace Adjeleian, Eleanor Kowalczyk, Richard Nutall, and Francis Gunville. Accompanists included: Jeanne Robbins, Jacqueline Lupien, and Joan Phillips. This program, which also included choral work, was enjoyed by all.

* * *

Literary Club

The Literary Club of W.S.T.C. made an enjoyable trip Sunday, November 22, 1953. The Club first stopped for dinner at the Wayside Inn; then visited the Grist Mill, Coach House, church, and little school. Each member will remember this tour of Longfellow's home each time he reads one of his poems. Later in the afternoon, the group arrived at Salem. Here the House of Seven Gables and a witch jail were visited.

This was a successful trip and it is hoped that more such trips may be planned.

* * *

Dramatic Club

The Dramatic Club wishes to announce that the Senior, Sophomore, and Freshman class plays will be given some time in January. The title of the senior play is "The Third Plate;" the sophomore, "Wanderlust;" and the freshman, "He Ain't Done Right by Nell."

Newman Club

The Newman Club held its annual Card Party on December 1, 1953, in the school gymnasium. It was a successful event with many prizes having been awarded. Committee chairmen were: Dorothy Doon, publicity; Ann Doyle, refreshments; Carole Cormier, tickets; Evelyn Langton, favors; Mary Curtin, prizes; and Robert Dana, set-up. Proceeds of the Card Party will be used toward a scholarship for a needy, incoming freshman.

The next social event was the Christmas Party held in the school cafeteria. There was entertainment, dancing, and refreshments. Each person who attended brought a small gift which was used to brighten up some orphan's Christmas.

* * *

Student Council

At present the council is concerned with two things of major importance. The first is a move to secure a college handbook which will be given to all students All information on school affairs will be contained in it.

The second move is one toward obtaining college stationery. This has been considered essential because we seem to be the only college in the area lacking it. We have contacted various stationery companies and have received some very acceptable samples. The move will undoubtedly be completed when the student body O.K's the idea.

Casual Observer

(Continued from Page 1)

science, there was no reason for him to associate his fellow passengers' avid interest in the front page picture with himself, or for him to think that anything was amiss. Anyway, hundreds of other men in your thriving metroplis resembled him. Still why did all our minds and eyes continually gravitate toward him?

Funny, though, wasn't it, that when he got off the train at his station, he spoke cheerfully to two policemen standing there? I daresay that rather proved his innocence, don't you think?

Since you really watched him so carefully, did you notice that little man in gray, with the British banker appearance, sitting on the side? You can make only one observation at a time, you say, and you didn't watch him? What a pity!

Well perhaps you should have watched him, my generous friends, —and your pocketbooks!

Tomolonius Says:

Probably the nicest tune to come out of the outgoing year is "Stranger in Paradise," a beautiful thing done by Tony Bennett, the Four Aces, Tony Martin, and many others. Although it's getting old now as far as current recordings go, you'll have to agree with us that it will shape up as a standard in the ensuing years.

The sudden furor over the trumpet soloing on the song "Oh Mein Papa" will undoubtedly start a succession of similar records just as Bobby Hackett and Jackie Gleason have done recently. It recalls the days when the late and great Freddie Gardner was gaining enthusiastic acclaim from the music world with his incomparable saxophone stylings like "These Foolish Things," and "I'm in the Mood for Love." At the time it was a very welcome innovation as is the current turn to the trumpet. Incidentally, we think it's only right that we commend Mr. Eddie Fisher on his vocal side of "Oh Mein Papa."

We understand that Frankie Laine's version of "Granada" is selling well. Just as on "Jealousie," Laine proves that even the standards can be improved upon. We feel that "The Jones Boy" is somewhat absurd, even though Bobby Wayne's etching is getting considerable notice. But then novelties are always finding some way to get popular. We remembered that when "Goodnight Irene" first showed up we all laughed and assured ourselves that the likes of that could never get anywhere. It seems the laugh was on us, however.

June Valli has emerged in the past year or so as one of the more reputable female singers of the time. She followed up "Crying in the Chapel" with a very pleasing side called "Don't Forget to Write." Frank Sinatra's comeback is becoming increasingly successful. First "I've Got the World on a String" caught on and later with Billy May he made a version of "South of the Border." On both of these we're inclined to agree that he sounds as good or possibly better than ever. However, we still hold that "All the Things You Are" is still Sinatra's greatest triumph.

Dixieland is enjoying considerable notice around Worcester lately. As we observed before, the Heart of the Commonwealth has never been a place in which Jazz could be said to thrive and although the fad might endure for only a short time, it is nevertheless heartening to the jazz enthusiasts.

And speaking of Christmas here's wishing you all a happy holiday.

Splinters

Conversations—"Look, even the cross-lights are in style for Christmas"—" . . . so I sez to him it's your dough, buddy" "then Gloria hade the nerve to flash that diamond around, she always did think she was just too-too"—" . . . but George is so tired of bow ties"—"be sure and call me after the rush"—"I haven't even bought my cards yet"—"simply lush—it's a 'Queen Bess" pattern"—"Ha, then she had the nerve to coyly ask me, what size sock I took"—"Charge Accounts"—"We can al-

(Continued on Page 5)

CHRISTMAS (From Page 1)

mas is just a commercial festival. To others it is a day with extra cooking and bills and work and decorations, etc., ad infinitum. Why, to talk to many people, one would receive the impression that Christmas was like the Fourth of July or some other such day. Without money, one can't have a good Christmas. Or so very many people say.

Well, what is the real story? Who fits into this picture? Why, it's the biggest birthday party going—and it is for Jesus Christ Himself. Once a little girl got up on Christmas morning and sang "Happy Birthday" at the Christmas Crib. She knew what day it was. And she observed it as such—just as did the little boy—with first things first.

We give gifts to people on their birthdays. Let us give a great gift to Jesus by giving Him our hearts. Let us surrender ourselves to Him. Let us keep Him first—not last, not left out. We have the "Christmas Spirit" all around us. What is it? Why does it just come now? We notice many people who are overly kind and good now—who think of others, who pray more, who avoid evil and do good. Why have this spirit for just a few short weeks? Why not keep it up all year round. Be good all the time—and mind you, it isn't easy to be good—but you have to or you'll be sorry.

LETTERS (From Page 2)

The majority of our members have had little or no experience in debating. We are by no means "Polished" speakers. Let's give this organization a chance to function as it should. Join us now and become better teachers .

A Disgruntled Student.

MEANS (Continued from 1)

We, as future teachers, must remember that Santa Claus, although nice, is a shadow on a much greater meaning and if the parents of our future pupils are forgetting this, it is up to us to help them to remember it. —Eleanor Bettley.

SYMPOSIUM (from Page 2)

er that he has reproductive powers and a recognized sexual pattern. A mature person, in the words true acceptation, is one whose life follows dynamic, meaningful, patterns based on a unity or wholeness in their thinking. This wholeness of thinking is the first step in accomplishing a wholeness of personality. In sum, a person to have a mature concept of life must have a **directive force** to basicate his expenditure of intellectual energy. This term directive force is used interchangeably with the phrase 'philosophy of life' but the former term makes philosophy of life a dynamic, practical thing. This force, as we shall see below, must have a unity emcompassing social, political, and economic patterns of thought which, by their nature, interact and overlap.

How do we achieve a directive philosophy and why is it important? Let us discuss the latter question first.

A directive force is important to us because it gives us a criteria to measure social, economic, and political problems. That is, with this force we are able to discriminate and seek out truths in our daily living; with the force we do not have to depend on a paternal authority to supply us with our thoughts on social, political, and economic problems. For example, without our having this force our politicians make political promises to get elected and then they ignore them without the slightest qualm. In economics the force is needed to guide us with a discriminatory mind against senseless emotionalization of economic problems (how often have we heard the argument 'creeping socialism' applied to projects when no factual argument could be found; again, we hear some labor unions blaming the Company for every dastardly deed know). Emotionalization and rationalization, primitive arguments, need no longer be a weapon of thinking with directive philosophy. We can have an open-mindedness when discussing progress or reform in religion, education, and such.

The 'educated' person without this force keeps his 'knowledge' categorized. That is, when he is studying the causes of war, let us say, he fails to relate the psychological ego-centricity of people with the historic belligerency of nations. In our daily living, the 'educated' person leaves his 'knowledge' in school and always fails to relate it to his life thinking. Finally, our non-directed person fails to comprehend the growth of new intellectual ideas . . . in education, economics, governmental structure, world societies, and so forth.

The 'educated' person along with the non-directed uneducated have something in common—they both rely on dogma for their thoughts. When the government says this is the truth, to these people it is. When an advertisement says our dog food is greatest, the same is true. They do not try to discriminate between fact and fiction; they accept the word of what they think is a final authority. Now the government's promulgation might well be the truth, as might be the dog food ad; the point is that these non-directed people have no real criteria to evaluate what an authority says. We might say that this is one of the reasons for some of our poorer government officials.

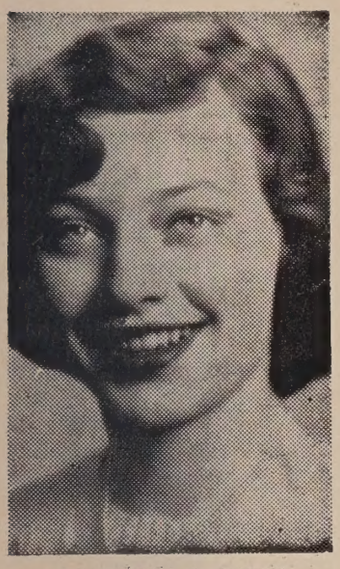
What we have tried to point out above is that the people's needs, from social to political, will never be ameliorated until the people realize what those needs are and how they can attack the problem; in turn, these things cannot be done until the people have gained maturity, a wholeness of personality.

The most effective way of achieving a directive philosophy, in this writer's opinion, is also the integral key of the philosophy: an objective (scientific) attitude. This objective attitude must permeate the entire process of evaluation of self to objectives in life. We must ask ourselves questions. First 'can I be objective?" and then, Do I have an inquiring, discriminating mind? Do I accept finality in truth? Do I depend on a paternal authority for my thoughts or am I independent on social, political, and economic matters? Am I critical of ideas factually or emotionally? Do I relate my knowledge to my living? And so forth.

After this evaluation of self we start building our directive force on the values we have molded from this analysis. We must always be objective, unstatic, and receptive to new ideas (albeit not necessarily accepting them) and to be in a constant state of progress, assimilating the best of our experiences and casting aside the unnecessary. By doing thus we are truely becoming mature and actually developing a directive philosophy, so urgently needed by community leaders.

True maturity takes for its proof our objective evaluation of ourself and our values—not the emotionalization of ideas, or the stagnation of outmoded, untenable ideas, Narrow provincialism is not maturity; hatred, prejudice, and the 'I'm never wrong attitude' is not maturity. Maturity rests on the concept of a person being analytical, objective, and pragmatic, when facing mundane as well as philosophical problems and from this accomplishing a directive philosophy of life.

Acorn Awards Juniors



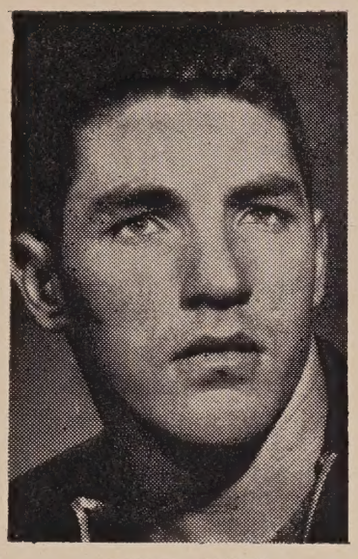
PATRICIA T. SULLIVAN

Pat is the attractive well dressed girl that you see bursting over with enthusiasm whether it be in the girls' lounge, the school corridors or any activity which she participates in. An avid member of the Junior Class, she entered State Teachers September of 1951 after graduating from Ascension High School. Pat was an enthusiast in high school for everything and she came to State Teachers with the idea of combining business and pleasure and making a success of both.

She can be seen with her traditional knee socks helping to plan decorations for the next dance or helping to come up with a new idea for their next assembly.

Pat was one of the main instruments in making the recent Neptune's Ball a fabulous success. After the very recent display of her talents we believe that if teaching is not her calling she can always become an interior decorator.

We hope that Pat will leave to all her future students some of that zest she has for fun.



JACKIE HAYES

One of the most colorful students around the campus is to be found among the members of the junior Class.

The "Acorn" has chosen Jackie Hayes of the junior class as "Boy of the Month."

Jack, who hails from Classical High School, class of '51, was a three star athlete in basketball, baseball, and football for the Bengals.

Upon coming to State Teachers, he has proved himself as an efficient ball handler and baseball player.

Besides his capabilities on the ball court and the diamond, Jack has shown in more ways than one that he possesses other talents.

In his sophomore year he displayed his acting ability in his appearance as the villian in the class skit which was in the form of a silent film. He also played the part of a ventriloquist's sidekick in one of their class commercials.

Much of the Junior prom's success is due to Jack, who was chairman of the decoration committee.

He is also vice-president of the Men's Athletic Association and is a staunch supporter of college sports.

In his sophomore year, he was chosen a secretary of the "All College Officers" by the student body.

He is a member of the Newman Club and participates in all of the club's functions and activities.

Jack is a secondary major in the field of mathematics. We're sure that he'll be tops in this field when he enters the teaching profession both as a teacher and coach.

Splinters

(Continued from Page 4)

ways buy her hankies"—"oh dear," —"Mommy, I want a train, a Super jet train, with real steam" —"Did they send us that horrible old umbrella rack, last year?"—"I just love all this tinsel and red ribbon,"—"I've been waiting for at least two hours and you tell me the bus was late!"—" . . . but Daddy, it it is someones birthday, then where is the cake??"—"and if my husband comes home again this year with a 15 foot tree, he won't drag it in my livingroom—not on your life!"—"I'm going home and soak my feet, these shoes are driving me mad"—"six more presents to buy all on two dollars?"—" OH have a Merry Christmas,"—"uh-huh, same to you"—"we forgot to buy the what-not for the who-its!" —" . . . but dear, Santa doesn't like sticky lollypops"—"Well another year is almost here, what happened to '53?"

They bowed valiantly

Recalls Good Sportsmanship of 1952 State Teachers Quintet

By IRVING GRACE

ED NOTE: (The writer of this article is a former Sports Editor of the Worcester Junior College publication, The "Bachelor.")

On November 24th 1952, a stubborn and bewildered STC quintet suffered a most disheartening defeat at the hands of the Worcester Junior College basketeers at the YMCA gym. A royal basketball battle, perhaps the most thrilling and tensified net title ever played on either college hardwood, proved that both the educators and bachelors, not only gave a classy performance of basketball, but also a star-studded show of good will and sportsmanship. When the final buzzer sounded it was hard to conceive the fact that the fellows in the "blue and gold" uniforms had bowed out by two points, the slimest field goal margin possible. While a small crowd representing both city schools arose to applaud, the players of both squads shook hands, mussed each other's hair, embraced and congratulated one another. The cheers became deafening as coach Jack Eager stepped forward to meet winning Coach Chet Warner in the center circle of the floor and warmly clasp his hand. Seconds before, the two were engaged in a "battle of brains."

The actions of coach Eager and his basketball team, immensely impressed the faculty and students of Worcester Junior College. The State Teachers players, Bill Ferris, Bob Ashe, Bob (Red) Durkin, Jackie Hayes, Ed Grant, Page Rowden, Chick Simon and Jack Regele, presented a wonderful example of true American sportsmanship. The future teachers played the game clean, and played it hard, and when they needed moral support their cheering squad consisting of such pretty lassies as Joan Halliday, Carol Cormier, Lois Goode, Jean Hennegan and Carol Anderson reminded those present that STC would not go down to defeat "without a battle" . . . . and quite a battle it was.

Outlook for Coming Tilt

The coming STC-WJC game on January 18, 1954, promises to be another thrilling contest. During the last meeting between the two schools, State Teachers was plagued by lanky Johnny Butrym, who scored 18 points that night. Butrym, who has since graduated shattered all records at Worcester Junior. He holds the highest individual average ever entered into that college's record book. STC will have most of last year's veterans back, and with Butrym gone, could avenge that defeat. In the first 3 games, Lebovities has seen his boys score over 60, over 70, and over 80 points in that order. In these first three games, Fred Rhodes has more than filled Butrym's shoes, he is moving along at a faster pace than Butrym did in the field goal department, when Johnny set WJC's all-time scoring record. Last year, was the first time a WJC basketball team ever defeated State Teachers' quintet, and it was the first time they ever won an opening day game. Pete Fotos, the "golden Greek" who plays a whale of a ball game on both offense and defense will definitely bear watching by the teachers. The teachers, led by Bill Ferris and Bob Ashe will try to rebound and avenge the defeat. Just what will happen this year? . . . The outcome should be very interesting.

Sports

SPORTS AFIELD

By Bob Dana

Congratulations, girls of the N.A.A.U.—The National Amateur Athletic Union is an organization set up to promote girls competitive sports throughout the country. It is relatively new here in Worcester. It has been brought to my attention that there are four members of this organization in the student body. Good luck girls—but try to get a few more at State to join your group.

Plans are getting underway for the Winter Carnival A varsity basketball game will start things off, followed by a dance. A talent show, snow sculpturing (weather permitting), and winter sports should terminate the activities the next day. Remember only **you** can make this activity a success.

Good luck to the basketball team. Let us hope that the boys are embarking on a season of all wins. They should be.

Organizations play an important part in the systematic working of the school. With the possible exception of the Student Council there is no student activity more active than the M.A.A. and W.A.A. These two groups are the joint-sponsors of the Winter Carnival and the M.A.A. and W.A.A. dance. No intramural sports could be carried on without these groups. It would be impossible to have outside sports without the M.A.A. As it stands now the cheerleaders are under the financial set-up of the two organizations. There is only one way that the groups can be of service to you, and that is for you to make your ideas known to them. The planning boards of both groups are always active — always working to benefit you. HELP THEM OUT.

W.A.A.

Carol Marshall

Flash from the sports world—Winnah and still champion—The Senior Class. For the fourth consecutive year, these lassies have copped the volleyball title, showing that age and experience can do the trick. Now that they are leaving, the future looks brighter for the volleyball players in the remaining three classes.

Now to switch to another topic. Caspar, our private eye predicts that strong competition will be offered in basketball from the freshmen class. Thursday afternoon basketball games have been held with the Sophs and Freshmen making up the teams. There is some speculation as to whether the Soph girls will retain their intra-mural title. Plans are now being made by Alice Bazakas and Joan Halliday for a basketball tournament that wil. be tops.

One wonders whether the Sophs have an advantage or a disadvantage this year as some of them are playing in the newly organized Central Mass. Division of the N.A.A.U. The rules of this game make basketball a harder and faster game by combining women's and men's rules. The greatest change is the allowance of two roving players, a guard and a forward, thus allowing eight players on a side. The center throw-in has been abandoned in favor of the center jump and it is now possible for there to be rebounds after a free throw. Another factor which makes the game a little faster is the three dribbles which is allowed instead of the usual two.

We Wonder . . .

When Dave Sugarman is going to put on an ice skating exhibition.

When Larry Bettley will stop wearing those insane ties . . . They're the worst.

When our editor will start writing objective poems.

Where the freshmen obtained all those sharp getabouts. We hope they're not hot.

When Mary Perry is going to have her car doctored. Boy! Is it sick.

If Bess Alexander will ever stop picking fights with the gentlemen of the sophomore class.

Where Bob Ashe got the title of the "Grand Old Man of the Hardwood."

Why Dolores Manning can't sing without her pitch pipe.

If Miss Morris's class at the airport is only star-gazing.

If D.T.'s favorite hangout is Cosgrove's or Sherer's

Why Rod Barry dislikes double-breasted polo coats.

If Diana Vaughan will be able to make it in from the hinterlands this winter. (Especially with that car.)

If Joe Sinnot really intends to buy the White House.

When the student body at S.T.C. is really going to support the school's basketball team.

When the school is going to install an elevator from the first floor to the library for Miss Smith.

If Jack Hayes follows Eddie Grant in the same way that Rutherford B. did Ulysses S.

If Zig Lucier shaves yet.

—Tony and Mike.

Sophomore Capers

Well, folks, that period which we have all so eagerly awaited is now at hand — vacation!!! Sounds good, doesn't it? But with research papers to turn in, book reports to complete, and mid-term exams to reckon with, how much of a vacation will it be? At any rate, we are all looking forward to it with great relish. Speaking of vacations, understand that Ann Hussey, Eve Langton, and Rose Iaccarino had a great time down in Hyannis. By the way, girls, what's the significance of the figure "16A?" . . . Paul Fistori was seen in Washington, D. C. with a certain winsome miss . . . Headquarters is buzzing with the most hated of pronouns—"who?" . . . Ask John Neal how he enjoyed his weekend down at B. C. . . . Marie McGauley has a real interest in airplanes. Wonder why? . . . Len Powers has the most unique laugh heard yet by man . . . We've heard he's going to replace Lamont Cranston in that popular radio series—"The Shadow" . . . Ask Dave Shea if he really likes short haircuts for women . . . What interest has D. U. at Holy Cross? . . Introducing the eighth wonder of the world, Dave Sugarman, who earns $325.00 a week, played hockey for the New York Rangers, and can get free passes for three of the four movie houses in Framingham . . . What do you mean you don't believe it? Ask Chick Simon and John O'Leary—they'll tell you . . . (By the way, they are going to manage his next wrestling match) . . . Why does A. B. refuse to let anyone read her poetry? . . . Beauty should be shared, you know . . . Is it true that C. F. "entertains more than a mild interest" in a freshman known as M. L.??? . . . Someone said that Leo Coleman is going to be an S, B, in the P. L. C. this coming summer . . . Wonder what that's all about . . . Who is the redhead that H. F. knows at Holy Cross??? . . . M. D. and C. B. of Marlboro not only painted the town red over the Thanksgiving weekend — they saturated it!!!! . . . Why does everybody call Bob O'Connor the "Mayor of Pleasant Street?" . . . After that party in Dudley on the 28th of last month "Ottolb" is the name for D. T.

That's about all the Caper Column has to report about now so between now and the next time we'd like to take this opportunity to wish you a very Merry Christmas.

GEOGRAPHIES FROM 1910 TO PRESENT DATE

ODD BOOK STORE

73 Madison Street

the acorn

Apr. 26 '54

Vol. XI. State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., No. 7

Tomolonius Says:

Kay Starr has come a long way since she started singing with Artie Shaw at the age of eighteen, and now deservedly holds the distinction of being one of the foremost song stylists in the music field. We can remember about four years ago she began getting a little recognition from her two gems with Tennessee Ernie called "I'll Never Be Free" and "Nobody's Business," which, despite their being hillbilly, enthused many music lovers. Her acclaim was nevertheless uncertain until she made "The Wheel of Fortune" which ultimately put her where she stands today. One of her latest recordings, "I'll Always be in Love with You," struck us as being rather novel in that the tune she supplies is exclusively her own. We don't really know if she meant the record to come out the way it did, but it seems she improvises so much that the tune is in no way similar to the way Dinah Shore sings it. The effort is very listenable, however.

KAY STARR

Jerry Vale does an exceptional vocal on his "Two Purple Shadows on the Snow" while Frank Sinatra's record of "Young at Heart" has enjoyed a prodigious rise on the nation's hit parades. Rumor has it that Stan Kenton is due to disband in the very near future. We're sure

(Continued on Page 6)

Of Secondary Importance

It seems strange that a group can be together four years and yet know so little of each other. We know vaguely that some one plays the piano, another the violin, and others the horses. But it is very seldom that we get any further than this cursory knowledge of our peers. We Senior Secondaries are unique, if I may say so, in several ways. The president of our class, who as you know, is a Senior Secondary, was once a very profitable salesman. We have two married men in our division, which is more than can be said by any other division. What we are going to talk about below, however, makes us more unique and fortunate as a class than many classes that have graced the halls of STC. We have an artist, accomplished and on the way to success.

When Doug Weeks first came in contact with us we were somewhat awe-struck by the refined British accent, the 'bean' rather than 'bin' for 'been.' After awhile he, as well as the rest of us, became fused into the group. Doug did, however, stand out from the rest of us because of his choice remarks in some of our classes. He talked about Van Gogh, Michelangelo, Stravinsky, in history and English. Most of this went by us because then we were not art conscious. But as we got to know Doug better we realized how powerfully the balm of art had influenced him. If you have ever talked with him and asked him questions as to different composers and artists, and work, he seems a veritable book of knowledge. Some of us eventually learned that he did paint himself. And this year we found that while he was at Nantucket working he had sold paintings and some sculptures. Finally, just last week his own private showing was concluded at C. C. Lowell's. Some of us dropped in to see the show; for you who missed it I would like to describe it.

As we approached the Lowell Gallery section of the store we see Doug's **magnum opus** called **'Soliloquy'** done in oils and hypalon. In this picture we see a lone figure standing and watching the water at night. In the harbor yacht lights flicker, and in the heavens stars burn. Doug captures the somber colors of night but charges them

(Continued from Page 6)

BULLOCK TO BE HONORED AT SCHOLARSHIP TEA

Chandler Bullock, honorary chairman of the board of State Mutual Life Assurance Co., will be guest of honor at the 13th annual Scholarship Tea at Worcester State Teachers College, Saturday, May 1, at 3 p. m., at the college.

A "Guest of the Day" is selected each year on the basis of his or her contribution to the community.

Proceeds from the tea help support scholarship funds for students at the college.

Dr. Earl B. Shaw is chairman of the scholarship committee which is in charge of arrangements for the tea.

Mr. Bullock, a graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School, is a lifelong resident of Worcester who has taken a leading and important part in community affairs. Prior to being chairman of the board of State Mutual, he was president of the company as were his father and grandfather.

Mr. Bullock is also treasurer of the American Antiquarian Society and vice-president of the Worcester Historical Society. He is treasurer of St. Wulstan's Society and is one of the original founders of the Shakespeare Club and of the Player's Club of Worcester. He is a director and past president of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Bullock is a vestryman of All Saints Episcopal Church, a member of the board of overseers of Old Sturbridge Village, and a director of the Travelers Aid Society.

Leaders of the community who have been honored at the tea in previous years include Miss Esther Forbes, George F. Booth, the late John Tinsley, and Harry G. Stoddard, president of Wyman-Gordon Co., and of the Worcester Telegram and Gazette Publishing Co., who was "Guest of the Day" last year.

Mr. G. Flint Taylor is chairman of ushers. They are: Margaret C. McMaster, head usher; Patricia A. Gannon and Mary Ann Robbins, junior class; Evelyn R. Langton, Florine E. Severance, Ann Swee ney, and Carolyn Wainwright, sophomore class; and Anne L. Davis, Jane B. Kelley, Eleanor Riordan, Corinne Shea and Anne Spets, freshmen class.

I Had To Do It

Corinne Shea

Strange, but even now it doesn't seem as if it actually happened, could possibly have transpired. It appears to me now that everything took place too quickly and that I didn't realize what I was doing,

(Continued on Page 4)

The Ups and Downs Of Assemblies

Our assembly program at S.T.C. is rather unique among colleges. Usually, speakers and entertainment are heard through the medium of some club or organization on a campus. Here, however, there is a special committee to arrange dates and artists for the student bodies pleasure. Sometimes the committee arranges dates and artists and what comes out is wonderful: entertaining or informative. And other times the arranging goes askew.

Last year there was one particular assembly program that was most impressive. You will remember, perhaps, the three young people who presented a program of operatic music. This was superb. More recently, you must remember **Macbeth**, the dramatic reading of the drama quartet. Aside from the actual reading, one could hardly miss the evidence of well thought out direction and planning of this drama group. No motion was lost, no line hurried. Most outstanding was Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene. The intensity of the scene reflected itself in the audience; at the end of the scene there was an obvious let-down emotionally. For this program the assembly committee deserves our highest commendation.

Contrasting **Macbeth** with our assembly of April 2 is an arduous task. Here are two totally different productions: One, intelligent and refreshing; the other, uncomitious and ludicrous. The reference is to the magic show. After **Macbeth**, this show (the word is used advisedly) was certainly a disappointment. Stale tricks that all the students have seen unless they have been confined to the most ascetic retreat, staler jokes for which there is no comment. In this age of television, to be subjected to a less than mediocre magician is torture. On the Sealtest Circus Hour, we can see any number of acrobats, jugglers, and, yes, magicians; not parlor tricksters but professionals. Everyone likes to laugh, sometimes to be silly, sometimes spicy, but most of us usually do not get a laugh from worn-out 'corn'. Our magician was simply macaronic (for those non-semanticists, he's a crazy mixed up you-know-what). 'Nough said.

Seniors leave in June with **Macbeth,** readings of Vachel Lindsay, heavy and light opera, and a score of other wonderful assembly programs under their respective belts. Here's hoping the underclassmen can see, hear, and enjoy, better and better assemblies.

editorial

We have heard a great deal of complaining around the campus to the effect that our college has many silly rules that are "high schoolish", and that we are not accepted or treated as adults. Although we are in sympathy with some of these complaints, we have noticed that the majority of students are willing to ask much of the college but unwilling to give anything to make our college really collegiate.

An example of this selfish attitude might be the men's smoking room. The Student Council, we are told, is soon to begin a drive to make the smoking room more comfortable, satisfying, homelike. They plan to get rugs, ashtrays, soft seats, and the like, for this room. With this, the men might be able to get a bulletin board, pictures, and things to put on the bare walls. But a damper is put on this fine idea when we think of the problems. At home we respect our furniture and decoration. Ashes, butts, and paper go where they belong. In the smoker, however, butts go on the floor (a new floor at that) and waste-paper baskets also get finished, but lit cigarettes. This produces smoldering which quickly fills the room with dense clouds of smoke, giving it the atmosphere of an opium den. Along with the cigarettes, newspapers and paper in general is strewn about giving the whole room that look of a pig-pen. How can we ask for a decent smoker if we do not make an effort to keep it a little clean?

Another problem is that of the lavatories. On the walls and doors of many toilets we find written people's names, lewd poems, telephone numbers, and other things that you might expect in a public room. Yes, there are perverse, childish people in our college but the individual always reflects on the group. How can we say we want the wholesome respect of the faculty toward our individualism and groping maturity when we allow things such as the above to continue without some kind of student pressure brought to bear? Student pressure can cure many student ills. Let's get together and raise our standards and drag the children with us no matter what. If we can get these unthinking people to act as adults and college people then perhaps the administration will recognize the fact and treat us accordingly. Up to now, however, with all the huff and groaning, one can hardly blame the action they take.

the acorn

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new directions

The Silent Pain

Why is it that the silent pain of an aching head
drives all thought into the night air
and replaces it with a sledge of a hammer;
slapping the temples,
boring tiny holes that
emit the gash of air,
burning the tissue, and ripping
those mentioned thoughts to hell?

Never have foolish people bothered
me as much as they do now.
my feeling is down to the quicking point,
where every slight touch sears like a
cauldron of boiling water poured
on a bared nerve.

The foolish ranting of petty minds
acts as a city of sound
instantaneously blasted
in the inner recess of my ears

Bringing the silent pain to linger on
into my seclusion and lost meditation.

C. Boutwell

An Awakening...

Cool
Like the low sand bars rising from a gentle sea;
Cool
As the paper-smooth mist on the morning lake
Which springs beside us the slowly soothing affection
And speaks that nature is part by part of us.

Slender
As the silken skies always clear in summer;
Coldness
That changes warmly to white heat of the noonday sun
And wraps us in delight of pure color.
This too, becomes us
And grows inwardly like a Bach staccato
—Cool color, warm, trenchant shades: COLOR!

Black
Like the chocolate blue so softly wrapped across the night.
Light
That rises and moves as a dance before starry eyes,
That moves as genuinely as any heart that loves
Moves, and sighs like any autumn wind.
This is the intimate, this is color!

Doug Weeks.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

The **acorn** has come out with many great innovations this year, and you and your staff are in line for much congratulation and backpatting. One writer whose back I'd particularly like to pat once or twice is one Joe McGuire, author of such gems as "True STC'ers" and "Christmas."

You know, I'd almost resent Mr. McGuire's written tirades if they were not so humorous. As it is, I cannot wait for each issue, and his articles are those I turn to first—after which I chuckle for the rest of the day. I'm even thinking of starting a 'Squire McGuire Fan Club.'

I heartily wish the good Square —I mean Squire—many happy happy hours spent in berating his fellow students until such time as his preaching license is revoked.

ROD BARRY.

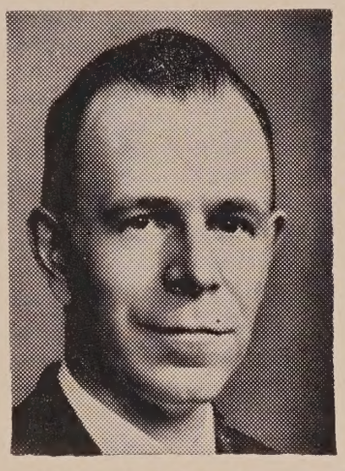
Ed. Note:—You must admit, Mr. Barry, some of his topics are extremely pregnant.

WHY HITLER CAME TO POWER

FRANCIS L. JONES

The victory of Chancellor Adenauer in the West German elections last fall gives indication that the Germans are becoming politically mature and recalls by contrast the conditions under which Hitler came to power.

From 1918 to 1933 Germany was bedeviled by inflation. The value of the German mark sank so low that it took three million marks to exchange for one dollar. This collapse of the mark meant the collapse of the middle class. With the coming of the depression of 1929 German national income fell almost 50% within three years and unemployment rose to six million. The result: almost all classes of German society lost faith in the economic system. Taxes on agriculture had doubled from 1913 to 1932 and in the latter year a rapid decline in the price of meat, dairy and poultry products hit the small producer. The big Prussian landlords, the Junkers, saw thousands of their estates become submarginal when world prices of agricultural products fell. Thus both peasant and Junker became hostile to the German economic system. Only the industrialists retained any confidence in the system and a small group of them, fearful of revolution, were willing to give Hitler financial support, hoping to use him as a tool. One of these was Fritz Thyssen, head of a big German steel trust. The inflation of 1923 knocked down the king-pin of middle-class values —the idea of security. The loss of investments convinced small businessmen that it was futile to save, while the salaries of government employees were rising less slowly than prices and members of the lower class provided increasing competition. As a result, the lower middle-class concluded that its social status was threatened, for it feared that it would soon be indistinguishable from the proletariat. Students, flocking to the universities in large numbers, could not find employment after graduation. This over-crowding was made worse by the depression of 1929. All this economic discontent gave Hitler his chance to come to power.



The German people had likewise lost faith in the political system. The German Government was the object of persistent criticism by a large section of the population. The Social Democrats were blamed for the economic reversals, the inflation of 1923, the decline in business and the increasing unemployment after 1929. They were blamed also for the "inequities" of the Treaty of Versailles, which was always a target of Hitler.

But while discontent is the foundation on which Hitler built, it is insufficient to explain his rise to power. Both German nationalists and Communists had the same opportunity as Hitler to capitalize on the economic distress, but both failed to provide a program that would afford the disillusioned a feeling of security for the future. The Nazi program, however, promised all things to all men. Hitler bid for the support of the industrialists by promises that the economic system would not be disturbed, for the support of the Junkers by an accent on nationalism and a re-assurance that agriculture was the surest foundation for the state. His attacks on Communism drew the support of the ruling classes. He assured the middle class that the evil features of the capitalist system would be eliminated. He appealed to the small businessmen by a program of nationalization of trusts, profit-sharing in big business, and low-cost rentals. To all the unemployed he promised jobs. To the proletariat he promised destruction of international capitalism and abolition of unearned income. Thus the National Socialist leader synthesized two contradictory ideas, nationalism and socialism, and gave his movement the broadest possible basis of appeal to the German public.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, Hitler supplied a great need, the need for a charismatic leader. At a time when the Weimar Republic was losing its claim of allegiance and old social virtues were being destroyed, the easiest solution for disturbed Germans was to identify themselves with a leader whom they thought they could trust. Hitler in his own life mirrored the frustrations of the German people themselves and they trusted him. One Nazi, describing how he came to join the party, said, "I do not know how to describe the emotions that swept over me as I heard this man. His words were like a scourge. When he spoke of the disgrace of Germany, I felt ready to spring on my enemy. I forgot everything except the man. Then glancing around, I saw that his magnetism was holding these thousands as one." This magnetism in Hitler's dynamic personality and the fulfillment of German longings that he embodied fitted well into the pattern of the Prussian love of a "strong father."

Thus the postwar economic dis-

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The Search

I search and I search, but I cannot find,
I grope and I grope, but I cannot feel.
For me, there's no balm, no peace of mind,
I stretch and shrink to reach changing ideals.
What is this force that is driving me?
What is it I am searching for?
Success, truth, an answer to a plea,
Possession of sweet love, a beckoning door?
Shall the fog ever lift; shall the search ever end?
Shall I ever be content not to search anew?
For the world's not a straight road, but ever bends,
And each new turn promises a lovelier view.

So I'll search and I'll find, I'll grope and I'll feel,
But at each new road, I'll find a new ordeal.
I'll climb to the crest and fall to the deep
Till the voice of the Creator bids me sleep.

Louise Agurkis.

SONG FOR EVENTIDE

I creep into my rocking chair
as night time falls upon us
and, looking out that window there,
I touch the corners of my hair
and wonder if the people stare
at whitening strands throughout my hair.
I feel as if my past were bare
as night time falls upon us.

The Firehouse Five, with drum and fife,
come tooting 'round the corner.
They tell the story of my life:
conquests, cowardice, peace, and strife.
They tell of how I left my wife
as night time fell upon her.

So they dedicate a number to my long-forgotten Love,
and I think on my profession, and what it robbed me of . . .
They dedicate a number to my Lover in the night,
and I wonder what she's doing ,and if she's been all right.
I weep a bitter tear, and I sing a lonely song,
but the garbage man will rob me of my memories ere long
with his clanking and his banging in the evening's fading light.

I wander through my dusty room
as night time falls upon me
and listen to the lusty boom
of the big bass drum like the voice of doom
that pounds and echoes through my room
like a demon come to warn me.
I know the people in the street
are all aware of my disgrace,
and awkwardly I shift my feet
and force a smile to light my face.
My greying head sinks on my breast.
I place a blade against my chest
and sing above the glittering knife
one wistful song for my lost wife
as the night time falls upon me.

—Rod Barry.

symposium

Modern Education and the Reaction

Since the beginning of the second World War, public schools in America have been going through a transition. The change, essentially, has been from the non-functional subject-matter of the traditional-classic school to the functional subject-matter of the modern-experimental school. Rote and memory learning of facts, which was the end in itself for the traditionalist, gave way and is giving way to the new concept and practice of subject-matter having a purpose and meaning to the student to make it functional and useful to him. Subject-matter becomes the mean to an end, as it is in society.

This progression from the non-functional to functional, in terms of subject-matter, was a slow one because of the reluctance of many teachers to accept the new philosophy. This reluctance slowed the transitional process (but not the progress) and made it possible to analyze and evaluate the new philosophy and at the same time avoid extremes.

Modern methods of teaching today are given concurrent confirmation by most professional educators—those teachers and administrators who have actually implemented these methods. The new concepts of education, such as standardized testing, personality guidance, unit and group work, common learnings, and so forth, have proven themselves over and again as useful methods in training children for democratic-social living. Of course, the problems of education—training children to use subject-matter to solve life problems and tasks, and training them to think critically and objectively about social problems and issues—have not been solved, although progress toward their solution has been great. Even with this progress a new bulwark faces those experienced and inexperienced educationalists who would like to continue the transition and drive forward with a dynamic educational program: the reaction.

The reaction, in education, was epitomized by Albert Lynd in his book **Quackery in Public Schools**, when he took words and phrases out of context of professional publications to make them appear silly and unintelligent. He proposed some changes in traditional education, however, but he wanted the emphasis kept on liberal art training. After Lynd came the less erudite mass media, especially the magazines, to join the bandwagon. 'Specialists' have been employed to describe the 'pinkishness' of method and teachers, along with the 'irresolutness' of the new techniques used in the modern school. Currently, two national magazines, **Life** and **Collier's**, are publishing reports on American public schools. And for our purpose an example of the educational reaction shall be the Collier's article called "The Struggle for our Children's Minds" by Howard Whitman (February 5 issue).

Throughout the article it is evident that the author relies heavily on subjective hearsay and not objective documentation of facts. The view points he relies upon are usually those in opposition to new concepts. The most disturbing element in the article, however, is not the distortion of fact but that it portrays teachers and administers as numbskulls, dictators, unintelligent and uncultured individuals and the rest. It tells stories of someone (supposedly a teacher) telephoning a parent protestor and calling him names and by this type anecdote generalizes the character of teachers. In short, the author, by innuendo, paints the teacher to look like either a plotter or some sort of a fool.

Most teachers I have met, especially while practice teaching, seemed alert-witted, calm, and prepared to defend their philosophy against any attack by unqualified people. I cannot remember anyone carrying a bomb to throw at some parent, or that they made anonymous phone calls to people they opposed. The layman constantly forgets that teachers are still members of the human race and that this fact makes their profession susceptible to crackpots. The technique of innuendo, however, has proved profitable for some politicians as a 'gimmick' in their rise to fame, and seem to be the methods that will be employed by anti-professionalists.

Speaking specifically of Whitman's article let us consider first the Brookline handwriting controversy. The problem, as you know, was whether the Brookline pupils should be taught cursive (connected letters) or manuscript (printed letters) type handwriting. In Newton, Brookline's educational rival, the public schools teach manuscript in the first three grades and then teach the children to connect the printed letters, making a semi-cursive style. In Newton, to avert the acridity and rancor that was developing in Brookline, the director of handwriting (who was my regular classroom teacher while practice teaching) prepared some documented facts as to the merits of cursive and manuscript handwriting, of which the following are the most important: 1. manuscript is more legible, easier, and faster,

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I Had To Do It

(Continued from Page 1)

but that is the excuse of common murderers and thieves. Even for self-justification, I won't descend to their level.

I can't say I did it on a sudden impulse, or in a fit of insanity, I had known weeks ahead that I had to do it. There had seemed no way out then, and even now, I still maintain there was no alternative. If forced to relive those hours, I'd do the same thing again.

While my conscience is not bothering me, since I feel it was something that had to be done, my mind is tormenting me by conjuring up visions of the hideous sight I left behind me. Whenever I try to rest or sleep, the lurid picture insinuates itself into my thoughts. It always follows the same pattern. The horror of it is insidious and inescapable. First I see the shining, pointed scissors, and then the blood, seemingly flowing in a never-ending, never-fading, bright red stream. Stream? Ocean would be a better simile.

There was more blood than I'd ever seen before—more blood than anyone should ever see. And the horrible stench that it emitted could never be described or forgotten. It comes back with the vision every time, and I think it is this which is hardest to bear. In fact, I seem to inhale the vile smell of blood constantly, now, even when I'm not in a torpid state.

I share the fate of the hapless lady Macbeth. My hands can never be washed clean of blood. Why does everybody stare at me as if they see it the way I do? Do they know what I've done? They couldn't! But maybe they sense the omnipresence of death that emanates from me and permeates everything I touch and everywhere I go. I want to escape from myself, but eluding this implacable enemy of my mind is impossible.

Others have done what I did, and they don't appear to be as disturbed as I. Maybe I'm senselessly aggrandizing it in my mind. But, maybe it will gradually gnaw away at my brain until I lose all sense of reason and proportion. Maybe I'm going mad! If only I could tell someone! Anyone!

Isn't anyone interested in what we did in biology "lab" last Thursday?

A Turning Point

By Doug Weeks

Perhaps art is like fashion after all. The sudden turn is now away from the abstract and towards the more romantic. One reason for a change is the general feeling that the abstract has been considerably exhausted. The other main reason for the turn is centered around the confession of that great sourcerer Pablo Picasso who blithely stated that the contortioned art which has comprised his abstract work during the past thirty years has been the product of his cunning manner in playing up to art critic, museum expert, and connoisseur alike.

The reason why Picasso can afford to be so brassy about the whole affair is that he is well established in the art field, is fabulously rich from his peregrinations from painting studio to the sculpture shop and pottery center (yes, he is famous in each of these fields). Also, the Spaniard is now in his last years, for I am sure that even with his sourcery he will not live to be 100 years old. Finally, if we were so brainless that we were unable to think and judge for ourselves, why shouldn't he crow over the victory of his supersalesmanship?

My fear is that in looking back to us, our descendants will say, "Who **wasn't** frustrated, a maniac, a crook, or mentally unbalanced?" so great is the number of weird (yes, decidedly weird), jumbled, incoherent paintings which have been loudly applauded for their 'restraint,' 'delicate handling of an intangible,' and 'strength of heavy wandering lines.'

Art of today may be divided in several ways: some consists merely of blobs (which may be 'judged' fine work because of the **power of mass** — what is that I ask?); or the work may consist of fine lines very neatly done with striking similarity to doodling (praised for its 'calligraphic representation' — the illusion surely reflects our poor penmanship!); other canvases use the geometric angles which sometimes create a favorable effect, but which are rendered more or less worthless by the great flock of artists working in this manner; finally there are those who delight in 'pictures' which are very often well balanced, colored, and well executed technically—but which are designs and not pictures. The oddity of the whole nebulous art world is that these inconsequential meanderings are deemed 'profound, mysterious, expressive,' and yet as a consolation of this whole confused situation is that the great masters have not lost their place, price, or essential value to those who wish

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Time of Decision

by Jack Warner

When the termination of the second semester, in June, becomes a reality, many sophomores will be asking themselves, "where do I go from here?" At any rate, every sophomore should have decided as to whether he really WANTS to be an educator or not. To those who are still undecided we refer you to Mr. Riordan's motto: "You've got to love kids." This, to this writer's mind, is the core of the matter.

The question of which field to major in is an ever perplexing problem and it demands much more than simply casual thoughts. As of the moment, it is comparatively easier to obtain a position in the elementary schools than in secondary ones. With that thought in mind, many of us are rushing to obtain a position in the elementary schools and avoiding the secondary field like the bubonic plague. In truth, one would think that the masses in grammar schools never graduate to the upper grades! Statistics show us that more and more children are being enrolled in the elementary grades; surely not every child forsakes the pursuit of education after he receives his diploma for successfully completing the prescribed course of study in those first eight years of school! Oh well, enough of the Great Debate, for now we'll leave it in the hands of those who are better briefed in the facts and principles of education.

Without a doubt our next topic could well prove boring to some while perhaps causing embarrassment to others, yet we must talk of it. There seems to be a great deal of speculation regarding our poor attendance and the almost constant tardiness of certain individuals in our ranks. I'm sure everyone understands and sympathizes with the problems of those students who live in Timbuktu and other hinterland regions—and with those that have domestic obligations—but to that group of self-appointed aristocrats who grace us with their presence once or twice a week and who probably send their assignments in by Western Union we direct our remarks below. Allow us to elevate you from your position of 'divine right' rulers to enlightened despots.

There are two words in this institution that directly affect your future, two words that almost determine whether you will find a teaching position or not. Your every move, action, attitude are recorded on individual records under the heading: Professional Fitness. Common logic will tell you that if you don't bother to show up for classes or if you are continuously late then your chances of being hired are slimmer than someone who has not erred in that respect. In any event, it is up to you; the records can only show facts and you are the one who puts those facts there. Think about it seriously for each day that passes brings you closer to the time of decision.

One Sec's Opinion

The senior sec's are sure havin' a tough time. Talk about the Senior Prom and the girls tellin' us you've gotta wear a tux'—oh well. We have to humor the girls. It's allright for them to wear wooly soxs up to their knees, argyles of black, white, gray, and fuchsia, with suede sneakers; men's shirts with flowers for ties; we can't say a thing. You mention to them that the latest thing is a dark tuxedo plaid and they scream at you "PLAID', akh!" "What color dress could I wear?" And you meekly say, "Well I just thought—" "Thought! Look, sonny, you just quit thinkin', shell out the dough, and I'll pick out your tux—plaid, whew, what a thinker." This last is flung at you very contemptuously, very sarcastically. Your masculinity is put in its 'proper' place. With head sunk deep between the shoulders, stooped, and bowed, you walk away: defeated.

Someday our chance will come, tho. Perhaps we should all show up at the prom with Lees or chino pants; and with this, just for spite, a nice subtle tuxedo plaid jacket, over an immaculate T-shirt (and bucks, of course). Wouldn't they be mortified when we walked into all their frill with this rakish attire? We'd saunter in, swinging a key-chain (a small dagger on the end of it), nonchalant, devil-may-care attitude. Ah, I can see it now. On first sight the dainty hand covers the ruby 'O' lips, and with a nervous twitter the girls would start to ask what happened but our cold unattachment would stop them dead. We start dancing robot-like, mechanically, but as the pace warms we whirl and whirl showing them what **don juans** we really are. Then at the stroke of twelve, with a courtly flourish, we'd escort them to our respective 'crates'. A quick ride and they'd be home. We'd walk them to the door say our good nights and wouldn't even ask for one tiny little cup of coffee before we leave (Coffee!). The end of a perfect evening. The male preogative again restored. The senior sec's senior again. And when I say senior I mean senior. And when I say sec's I mean sec's.

TEA MAY 1

Splinters . . .

Squeaky shoes in a quiet library . . . little women who wear huge flowered hats . . . car clocks that never tell the right time . . . the smug look of a policeman in ear-muffs . . . ink pens which deliquidize at the wrong moment . . . unrelated things that pop up when you are doing a term paper . . . freshly cut lawns and crew cuts resemble each other in a strange manner . . . the conspicuous look of new white bucks on a rainy day . . . those absent-minded souls who read the wrong side of the bus schedule . . . the new trend of pastel shirts which started with blush pink . . . T. V. sets which go blank at the crucial moment of a mystery . . . Monday mornings which stare you coldly in the face like unfinished homework . . . the silly look of a man with a plaid umbrella . . . the mucilage on postage stamps which should be flavored like life-savers . . . wonder if polka-dot convertibles will ever make an appearance? . . .the dire effect of Spring fever which is right around the corner and leaves no one immune in its deadly attack on students.

Turning Point

(Continued From Page 4)

to study the fundamentals of art. The art of these artists is of **their** time, not ours, we cannot hope to imitate their work and produce great art masterpieces. No, we must pioneer for ourselves a new, and equally expressive medium of art which may very well include plastics or any of the modern advances rendered by science.

One very common question today is, 'What type of painting best expresses our national feeling?' My suggestion is, that art which has a touch of mysticism and which shows distinct romanticism, in terms of today's world, would receive a great welcome .The US is claimed to be the greatest nation today. I do not dispute this, but if it is so, why are we Americans so afraid of our role? Do we not feel that somehow the US will solve her national and international problems even if the method is not yet apparent? Do we not feel that we ourselves are achieving success now, even if we are not completely certain of the future? Mystic romanticism has both of these elements of certainty and question. The case calls for art which is both easily recognizable and technically excellent—with a touch of the unknown expressed in the subject matter.

The art of tomorrow is our challenge—what will we do?

JUNIOR CLASS

The junior secondaries are now prepared to make a statement they never thought they would make: "We miss the elementaries."! There has been and always will be playful rivalry between secondaries and elementaries, but it really is good to see the rest of our class back on Fridays and listen to their stories about the pains and pleasures of a practice teacher. Meanwhile, the secondaries are adding new words to their everyday vocabulary — motivation, individual differences, and the "whole" child.

The long-awaited ring representatives came at last. Their visit was profitable in two ways: The first, and obvious, reason is that we had a chance to order our much-desired class rings, and secondly, one of the representatives had been to Venezuela and gave some not too encouraging information to several of the junior secondary girls who are contemplating teaching there. But are they discouraged? No! Perhaps, they won't go to Venezuela, but there's always Europe!

The class seems to be working in great harmony this year as was evidenced by the success of the junior prom. The decorations, especially, displayed the hard work that went into their making. Although the junior's extra dance, "Riches to Rags," for which Eleanor Mannico and Paul O'Day worried and planned, was not as well supported, those who did go had a gay time. So what if the floor was slippery; they just pretended they were on skates. So what if the band took too many intermissions; they formed their own band. All in all, it was a lot of fun, and those on the clean-up committee, the most detested of all committees, had the best time. Ah, yes, it was a very unusual dance.

There is still that ever-returning problem of class dues. This is a ba-ad time of the year for money. Students have just finished paying for their tuition and books, and many of them, who stopped working after Christmas time, have not as yet found new employment. So who suffers? Paul Sullivan, treasurer, of course. But use whatever patience you have left, Paul, and the dues will all be in by class day.

Thus stands the junior class —professionally fit (we hope), poverty-stricken, but still laughing.

GEOGRAPHIES FROM 1910 TO PRESENT DATE
ODD BOOK STORE
73 Madison Street

Melodic Theme

Ann Matthews

Nature education is always an experience in living. Nature, however, has not always been allied with all other fields in education. Poets and philosophers have for centuries found in nature a creative subject. Now, as has been the trend for centuries, humanitarians in science and education, groping in the dark for an answer to the chaotic trends of modern civilization, have grasped nature and found a melodic theme. It is a theme which beats with the needs of men throughout history.

Who are the outstanding men who have grasped this theme? I have chosen two such men, one of world fame, and the other from our community. Dr. Alexis Carrel, an American physician, believes people should maintain harmony with nature. "We must liberate ourselves from the blind technology and grasp the complexity and the wealth of our own nature." Richard C. Potter, Director of the Worcester Museum of Natural History, is a great leader in the field of nature education. He has reported to the United Nations about the work being done in this community's museums and camps in this field. "We are beginning to realize that what nature proposed in the advance of civilization, is not necessarily the progress of science and machines, but the progress of man himself in the understanding of the elements of the environment." Both these men strongly believe the progress of the world lies in this area of man and his relation to his environment.

Nature experience is also "an antidote for a world beset by pressure it has never before known." Businessmen and housewives alike find moments of peace in observation of birds.

At this point you are no doubt wondering exactly what nature education is. A nature prayer expresses this in beatuiful, simple language.

Oh Thou, who art creator:
Of the earth and all therein;
The flowers, trees and birds;
Their colors, fruits and songs,
Teach us to know, to love, and to save.

These things from God's free hand.

The above nature prayer is repeated many a summer morning at the Nature Training School in Paxton. In the natural woods surrounding a beautiful lake, many children are given each summer: an appreciation and consciousness of beauty; a power of observation which recognizes a bird or animal, fern, rock, in its natural area; a vocabulary including such words as conservation, balance of nature, and so forth; a general orientation in adjustment to his fellow students and his natural environment. All these make for happy well-adjusted children with a love and understanding of nature and a closeness to God, and the work of conserving His natural resources.

Tomolonius Says:

(Continued from Page 1)

this won't alarm the Kenton fans, however; he has disbanded more than once before. Speaking of Kenton, his jazz festival at the auditorium sent quite a few people home somewhat disappointed in that Charlie Parker and Lee Konitz appeared to be in a hurry to get through their solos. Both received indifferent applause and save for a few unfavorable ejaculations on the part of the audience, the auditorium was distressingly quiet until Dizzy came on. We overheard, too, that June Christy just doesn't sing like she used to.

We're obliged to reprimand Theresa Brewer for the type of songs she is currently making popular. We strongly disapprove of things like "Ricochet" and even more, "Bell-bottom Blues," and are sure she is capable of better things. It's too bad when vocalists take advantage of the poor taste of the public and cheapen themselves for the sake of making money. Maybe we're being narrow-minded in this regard but once a singer like Helen O'Connell goes so low as to make an idiotic, no-count, dittie like "Slowpoke," she loses all our sympathy.

Bing Crosby has enjoyed many profitable years to the point where he is now an American institution; he has experienced a career which no entertainer will ever equal: In reference to Crosby no words of praise could be overstated, and no one would ever dare dispute his greatness IN HIS DAY. No one can live forever, and by the same token, no career can go on forever. We sincerely believe, with all due respect to the beloved and aging crooner, that Bing's career has been over, vocally speaking, for quite some time. We feel that he has proven this quite conclusively with the records he has made in the recent past and wish that he would stop now and pursue his acting career.

So with this we leave you until next month.

Dr. Jones

(Continued from Page 3)

content gave Hitler his chance. The insecurity felt by all social classes led to loss of faith in both the economic and political systems, Hitler capitalized on this widespread disillusionment and by his dynamic qualities as a leader succeeded where both German Nationalists and Communists failed.

symposium

(Continued from Page 4)

than cursive; 2. manuscript is an important aid in the teaching of reading. The implication in the article was that a majority of parents disliked manuscript and had forced the schools to adopt the old method. In my talks with a few Brookline parents I found that only four or five parents actually complained of manuscript, while the majority were undecided or willing to 'go along.' What was the result of the controversy? The superintendent of schools in Brookline recently issued the decision to continue teaching manuscript in the public schools.

It is not the controversy between parents and educators that is the awesome thing here, but the blatancy emphasized in articles such as **Collier's.** The implication that teachers are trying to 'put one over' on parents. Actually, the parent has much more influence on today's schools as a member of the student - teacher - parent triangle, than he ever had in the 'good old days.'

To those who have read the **Collier's** article and other similar work, it should be evident that the controversy between modern and traditional methods of education has almost been taken from the hands of those people sincerely interested in improving schools and placed in those hands which are going to use the problem for their own ends. By making pedagogical issues, issues of communism, 'leftism', or what, the politician and sales-conscious publisher are seemingly trying to capitalize on the general heresy hunting in our country today. Actually, there is no 'battle for children's minds', as **Collier's** suggests, and there are extremely few 'leftists', communists, or fascists, squabbling to confuse and indoctrinate our children's minds. The overwhelming majority of teachers are loyal but they also want to retain the American right to think for themselves.

This is the crux of the real problem: thinking. All over America there is a growing feeling of anti-intellectualism. Somehow, intellectualism has become aligned with communism, and those people who think, criticize, and act as individuals are tabbed 'pinkish' and subdued, if possible. The individual thinker, or intellectual, who has always had to struggle for recognition in the United States, is finding it more and more difficult to be honest when approaching the public through the foreign service, civil service, education, and the like, because of the growing atmosphere of distrust with original and sometimes unconforming ideas for the solution of problems. Unconformity, in fact, is fast becoming blasphemed against the 'dogma of Americanism' established by some of our more zealous patriots. Finally, in modern education we see teachers trying to guide pupils to think for themselves, and to study controversial subjects objectively. This, to some, is the same 'pinkish' intellectualism found in other parts of our society. They say we should inculcate pupils minds with dogma. Is this America?

America has always stood for freedom of thought. So much did we hold this doctrine true that Karl Marx could find no other country in the world to publish his **Manifesto** except the country which later proved his main ideas wrong—the United States. In no other country has the basic right and integrity of the individual to speak his mind been so strongly protected, and yet, some people now tell us that, to be safe, we must all think and believe alike.

It is up to the educator—you and I—to see that America's traditional freedom from fear shall continue as the pervasive philosophy. Much more is involved than the struggle for progressing schools; it involves all thinking American's.

Educationalists, book publishers, library associations, civil liberty organizations, are all joining the defense to keep America free from the fear of restricted rights because freedom IS America and by defending one we protect both.

Clinton Boutwell.

Secondary Import.

(Continued from Page 1)

with a mystery and beauty of their own. The giant (48"x40"), as he calls it, with its translucent quality stands in the middle of smaller works. To the left of **'Soliloquy'** are the **'King and I'** in etched wax crayon. At first glance they are somewhat similar to the king and queen found on playing cards but on closer inspection we see the delicacy of finely chiseled line that gives the wax crayon its third dimensional quality. In another spot we find two other etched works, and in the opinion of the writer the best of all those hung, the "Persian Archers" and the 'Assyrian Medallion. The 'Archers' were taken from a classical theme and if art could be judged by its intricacy then they would surely be tops. Two strong, bearded, men, done in fine array of Persia, stand with their bows staring at some enemy, fierce, deadly. Superb texturing worked out by layer over layer of wax crayon and meticulously cut or etched. Each little curl of the beard emphasized, each line of the browned faces. Warm colors were used almost exclusively, blended into a rich harmony of pattern and character.

The Senior Secondaries should be proud of Doug. Through his works STC and our class gains prestige and honor.